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January 1, 1964 - Wednesday

Icicles weigh down the box and other evergreen shrubbery. I was glad to say adieu to 1963, especially because of the deaths of Phil Graham and President Kennedy.

We took the family for a long walk in the snow. Then came dinner, poker and the final reckoning--I was the big winner with $4.55.

There never was so amiable a group to laugh from morning to bedtime. We put on some Martinique records for Sasha and myself to dance by. Lots of clowning as we bustled through a hedge of liquor bottles on the carpet, and bellowed at each other in French. E and I did a few Bal Bullier numbers, to the delight of the youngsters.

The only outside distraction was a call from the Duty Officer at the White House, saying the President would like to see Bohlen and myself at 7 tomorrow morning. I explained that no plane had been able to land or take off from the Lynchburg airport today, but come what might I would beat my way over the 225 mile separation tomorrow afternoon, to report at the White House on Friday. This seemed satisfactory to the Officer, who thought Staunton Hill was in the suburbs of Washington.

January 2, 1964 - Thursday

There is the most dreadful bilge daily on the local radio stations against the integration of negroes in public schools. Much of it seems to emanate from clergymen, one of whom yesterday added to his diatribe a denunciation of the Roman Catholic Church, to which he referred as "The Great Whore".

We left Staunton Hill, after an early lunch, for the Lynchburg airport. The plane from Atlanta was two hours late, but we reached Kay Halle's house in time to dress and cross the street to Mary Graham's, who gave a dinner to celebrate

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her mother's 77th birthday. It was a particularly festive party. Alice Longworth, Adlai Stevenson, John Lord O'Brien, the Marquis Childs, Drew Pearsons, Herblock of the Washington Post, John Walkers, Mrs. Cord Meyer, [redacted] Tommy Thompson, Mac Bundys, Wisners, Dr. Bill Meyer, Graham children, and others were there. I sat between Alice Longworth and Agnes Meyer. Adlai made a birthday speech, to which Agnes genially responded.

Before leaving the Halle house, I [redacted] received a series of changing instructions about seeing the President tomorrow. The meeting was never scheduled for the White House, but for the LBJ ranch in Texas.

January 3, 1964 - Friday

I found that a late night had not heightened my spirits when I emerged from an electric blanket at 6 o'clock this morning. I picked up Chip at seven for the drive to Andrews Field. The plane was due to leave at eight, but there was sufficient delay for us to stow away a substantial breakfast.

We were on a small Presidential jet, a 550-mile an hour job. Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor, and Mrs. Petersen, Assistant Secretary of Labor, were two of the other five passengers.

Chip and I played two-handed poker most of the journey, which lasted three and a half hours. We landed in beautiful 60° weather on the air strip adjoining the ranch house. The President met us, and drove us in an electric cart the one hundred yard distance to his place, where our first task was to scratch our names on blocks of wet cement, of which there are hundreds used as paving stones.

The house is a low, rambling structure, part stone, part frame, with large comfortable low-ceilinged rooms, and many open fireplaces. Immediately in front is a swimming pool and terrace, overlooking a wide river. The country

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out to have been hastily drafted by Arthur Schlesinger and Walt Rostow; I imagine Ted will, with his great skill, cast the passages into picturesque and elegant form.

After a round of drinks, a dozen of us lunched with the President and Mrs. Johnson, on hamburgers, fish, baked beans, corn pone, salad, fruit, milk. It was all delightfully informal; I sat next to Mrs. Johnson, whom I found charming. They both have easy, cordial, hospitable, southern manners.

The President saw us off, soon after lunch, in a helicopter bound for Austin, where Secretary Wirtz and Mrs. Petersen were to hold a press conference. Chip and I spent a couple of hours on the SAC airbase with Colonel Bender, the Commandant, who showed us his B54s, tankers, missile establishment, and other components of this tricky operation.

At last, we took off in the same small jet, and reached Andrews in time for me to have a late dinner with the family and Kay. Chip transferred to a plane for New York, whence he leaves for Paris tomorrow, richer by 8 dollars of poker proceeds.

January 4, 1964 - Saturday

I went to my Wisconsin Avenue office to deal with arrearages of mail and business. E is flying down to Upperville to lunch with Bunny; the children have (greased up on pork spare ribs) fanned out with friends. I ate Chinese food at the Orient, then returned to the office.

Last night I finished The Great Swindle by Virginia Cowles. This account of Law operating the Mississippi Company in France, and of the South Sea Bubble in England should be read by all financiers. Periodically, as in 1929, a mania for gambling in fantastic schemes displays itself. I have also been reading another book about unscrupulous people: Forgeries, Fakes and Reproductions by George Savage, a recital of the misadventures of gullible art collectors.

Bill Clark came to see me this afternoon. Wendy Wisher and Terry Graham were hard on his heels for supper, after which we went, massed, to the movie Charade, a melodramatic, excellent murder play, starring Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn.

January 5, 1964 - Sunday

Henry Brandon called on me at 10 a.m. and we discussed international politics. At eleven, I went off with Truman to Baltimore, to lunch with Mary Graham Bruce. We talked about Belmont, and what might be done for its preservation as an historical house. We ate delicious diamond-back terrapin.

I motored out to Rockburn, and had a long conversation with Colonel Cheston and his wife (he is a cousin of Mary Bruce), its new owners, about the future of neighboring Belmont, which I thereafter visited and found in good order.

Upon my return to Washington, I telephoned Helen Coolidge, who is always fertile in effective ideas about property problems. She said that Dillon Ripley, who is to replace Leonard Carmichael as Secretary of the Smithsonian on January 22, was still searching for a large house. I called Dillon in New Haven, but found he could not come here until the 22nd.

Andre Visson came to see us. He thinks either Sargent Shriver or Adlai Stevenson will be President Johnson's running mate.

E and I went across to Kay Graham's, there to chat with her, the Joseph Alsops, and Bill Walton.

We sent up to the Orient Restaurant for hampers of Chinese food to consume with the children.

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I touched base with Bill Tyler on our London Embassy personnel dispositions; having told him of Bundy's suggestion that I return for consultation several days before the Home-Butler visit; he, being in accord, promised to issue appropriate orders.

I went out to see Lorraine Cooper. She and John have interested themselves for a long time in recommending Elim for a mission. I told him, in the light of my earlier interviews at State, there was a 50-50 chance of his being appointed.

On to Marion Leiter's for a cocktail. She was hearty and superb as always.

Afterwards, home to Halle just in time to receive a call from Dillon Ripley about Belmont.

A great blow today--Sylvia Clark has told Evangeline she wants to leave 1411 34th Street in February, to reoccupy her own Georgetown house. So this merry-go-round recommences. Any one working for the Government abroad should not have a house at home. Our possessions in Security Storage, Staunton Hill and Georgetown are not only [redacted] to maintain, costly, but require considerable tongue and paper work.

January 8, 1964 - Wednesday

E and I went to the Georgetown house early this morning to consult with technicians who are installing an elaborate burglar alarm system. I have no doubt it will frighten criminals, but I fear we will be unable to move about freely ourselves without provoking panic.

I lunched urbanely with Bill Tyler at 1925 F Street. Previously, we [redacted] viewed on television the President's delivery of his State of the Union Message. I thought it [redacted] effective, and hope most of his goals will be realized. After its conclusion: the New York Stock Exchange reached a new high for all time.

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George Garrett picked me up, to motor to his house for a drink of 120 proof Bourbon that had been bottled for Eugene Meyer--it was good enough to use as a liqueur.

Isabel and Traff Kiots came over from Baltimore, and Carrie and Magill James from Alexandria, to dine with us. Traff brought a present of cooked terrapin for breakfast tomorrow--he advised champagne with it!

The men told many entertaining stories. Traff had one he thought suitable for children. It ran: "A workman came home unexpectedly early one afternoon to find his wife lying naked on their bed. He asked what was going on. She answered that she had heard on the radio it was necessary for bodily health to expose the skin to fresh air as often as possible. The husband went over and opened the clothes closet; inside there was a huge, nude man. The husband said: "What the hell is you doing heah?" The reply was "Everybody's got to be somewhere."

Earlier, we were regaled with anecdotes by that exceptional raconteur John Foster, who is in Washington for a few days.

January 9, 1964 - Thursday

After several cloudless days, this morning was rainy. I went to the Department, fiddled, dictated, telephoned, lunched at the Metropolitan, and passed the afternoon as futilely as I had the forenoon.

I have at last completed all the papers necessary if Belmont is to be offered to a public institution. The most difficult task remains--to arrange the financing.

We dined at the Wisners with a goodly company. The McNamaras, Mike Forrestal, the Roswell Gilpatrics, Eugene Black, the Joyces, Kay Graham, Oatsie Leiter, were there. The Gilpatrics, after his persecution, from [illegible] he has

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My engagement with George Ball was cancelled because of Panama. I wanted to see David Gore, but found he was skiing with his family at Hot Springs. Instead, I had talks with Bob Schaetzel, Bill Burdett, and David Linebaugh. Linebaugh is slowly recovering from the appalling accident in which he broke his neck eighteen months ago. I am told his patience and courage have been heroic; suffering has radically changed his facial expression.

I lunched with Dr. Carmichael at the Metropolitan. We discussed Belmont, then passed on to other fields. He is a remarkable and likable man.

I said good-bye to charming Henrietta and Ruby at State--they spoil me, and I gratefully enjoy it.

Kay had a dinner tonight for Jane and Alistair Cooke, Peter Wilson (the wizard head of Sotheby's), Louise and Oscar Cox, ourselves. Afterwards, a British General and his wife came in.

Wilson thinks the price of antique art objects and furniture will continue to rise--the same applies to paintings of top quality. The greatest appreciation in value in the last few years has probably been in porcelains.

Before dinner, Marian and Arthur Schlesinger, as well as Richard Rovere of the New Yorker came for drinks.

I had a private talk with Arthur. He has resigned; when he leaves the White House, he expects to write a quick book on President Kennedy. Meanwhile, he is actively promoting a campaign to raise ten million dollars for the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library, to be erected in Boston, at a site along the Charles River donated by Harvard University. Kennedy personally chose the site.

The sponsors hope to obtain donations from foreign governments; several Latin American nations have already pledged funds. Arthur wrote me in

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January 12, 1964 - Sunday

As I feared, it is snowing heavily this morning. We went to our house to put away clothing and talk to Sylvia. After boarding a 1 p.m. shuttle plane, engine trouble was announced, so we shifted to another, and flew through snow to La Guardia, where the weather was clear, but the cold, at 18° with a high wind, was bitter. E and I were famished, and stayed our appetites at Longchamps.

We dined tonight with Priscilla and Alfred Jaretski.

January 13, 1964 - Monday

It snowed all night, and, traffic-wise, New York City is a shambles. The authorities have requested that private automobiles not enter the city. The temperature is 10°, the wind blowing gustily, and no relief in prospect.

I spent most of the morning at George White's office going over accounts. Lunched with Jim Bruce at The Brook; he looks better than he has for years; his weight is down to 200 pounds.

Did various errands this afternoon. Dined with Ailsa at 2 East 67th Street; amongst other things, we discussed Belmont.

January 14, 1964 - Tuesday

The blizzard has subsided, and people are beginning to dig their cars out of the snow. The gale, however, continues to howl, the thermometer at ten o'clock was at 10°. The airports may open at noon.

I went to buy a Christmas present of silver for Audrey, then picked my way carefully to the Newsweek building, to lunch with Kay Graham and her staff.

Earlier, I transacted considerable business by telephone, but found many suburbanites had not reached their offices.

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Thomas Watson, the personable President of IBM, and one of his officers was at the Newsweek lunch. Speaking of their just published annual report, showing another thumping increase in profits, he observed that through stock options granted in the past ten years, about 17 of IBM's employees could be rated as millionaires; the stock is selling for more than 50 times earnings.

I responded to many questions about Great Britain, France, Germany, Common Market, Monnet, Panama, Malaysia, and other topics.

This afternoon I went to see Bill Clark and his sister, Mrs. Mary Rockefeller, in her apartment at 810 Fifth Avenue. It has a magnificent view--it seems odd to think of her occupying the same building as Nelson and his new wife, Happy.

Bill and I tried to select a new cultural affairs officer; John Mason Brown has found it impossible to accept.

January 15, 1964 - Wednesday

Spent most of the morning with George White. Lunched at the Links with Bud Rentschler. E and I dined tonight with Nancy and Teddy White. Marietta Tree and Clayton Fritchey were there. Much political talk. Teddy has been preparing an article on Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania for LIFE. In preparation for it, he spent a week in Scranton interviewing Scranton, whom he likes and respects, but whom he thinks is too much the squire of the manor. He says Scranton told him he was worth about nine million dollars. It is strange how many millionaires since the time of Calvin Coolidge have been seriously considered for or won the presidency. Truman is the only President in a thirty-year period who did not qualify as a millionaire.

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January 16, 1964 - Thursday

Did desultory shopping this morning--chief objectives were evening socks and a combination brief case.

Lunched with Jean Lambert at the Sheraton East. Livie Merchant, whom I suggested to him as an Advisor and Director, has agreed to serve as such.

Buck Crawford met me this afternoon to go over the family investments.

Tonight E and I dined with Lawrence Lowman at the Colony. Afterwards to the Biltmore Theatre to see Barefoot in the Park by Neil Simon--this comedy really justifies the enthusiastic critics who call it "stellar entertainment."

January 17, 1964 - Friday

Up at 7 a.m. Collected E and went to Idlewild.

I finished yesterday a new biography of James Forrestal by Arnold Rogow. Jim was talented, attractive, a dedicated public servant, but a queer duck, introspective and egocentric. He liked to be considered tough and hard boiled, but actually was sentimental and, to some, especially women, affectionate.

We had an uneventful flight on Pan American, only a six hour trip. Lewis Jones and Al Wells met us. I gave Lewis a run-down on what little State Department gossip I had picked up.

It was sad to leave home, but a delight to witness the welcome of Milou and Mosie. These spaniels are curious; for weeks they were quiescent, but today are reported to have taken position at the head of the stairs with eyes focused on the hall, and to have remained there until our arrival. Not that I figure much in this performance. Their primary favors are reserved for E. For her they caracole, turn somersaults, exhaust themselves in demonstrative contortions, slaver, and finally turn their four paws to the ceiling while they simulate sleep.

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London is rocking with repercussions from Ian Macleod's piece in The Spectator on how Home became Prime Minister. Some Conservatives call him a traitor. This is going rather far in a country where [redacted] are taken seriously. For instance, it is treason to rape the Queen; if she assents, she is guilty of treason.

The British are strict in preserving the privacy of individuals. Yesterday, the Chamberlain to the City of London, Colonel Ean Kendal Stuart-Smith, aged 57, was found hanged, wearing a black sweater, black ballet tights, a gold chain around one ankle, and a rope round his neck. The coroner took an unmeddlesome view of the case, observing: "I conclude his death was accidental. He was engaged in some elaborate ritual, involving the dangerous practice of putting his head in a noose. On this occasion, he went too far. I think it would be indiscreet of me to say more. What goes on in a man's bedroom which harms only himself is nobody's business but his own."

Martha and Findley Burns came for tea; inimitable Findley makes even trivia entertaining.

January 20, 1964 - Monday

I felt at the end of today [redacted] there had been nothing but trouble in the office. Tom Beale has been told he is to be transferred to Washington. He has been here about four years, and his loss will be greatly felt in our operations. From a professional standpoint, I believe it is an advantageous thing for him to take this new appointment.

Attorney General Kennedy's trip in connection with the Malaysian-Philippine-Indonesian dispute has aroused great interest here, as well as, [redacted] adverse comment. The British are touchy on this subject.

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All Hell seems to have broken loose in Zanzibar, where the existing government has been replaced by one of doubtful origin. "Field Marshal" Okello, after being active in the chopping up of a thousand or more people in Zanzibar, moved over to Tanganyika for a so-called rest. Trouble flared up there at once, although it is not clear this was the doing of Okello, a Kenyan, who is said to be a thug, a former Mau Mau, a paranoiac, and, intellectually, grossly stupid. In Tanganyika, Nyerere has disappeared. No doubt he will re-appear, but his absence from the scene is disturbing, since he has long been considered one of the ablest native leaders in East Africa. Agitation in Cyprus has reached a point where civil war between the resident Greeks and Turks has probably only been avoided by the presence of British troops. Things continue to go badly in South Vietnam and Laos.

We have had further word today about Field Marshal Okello. He is identified as having been a CID ex-Corporal who was dismissed from the Police Force, and subsequently served a sentence for theft.

The Attorney General wishes, when he comes to London, to visit his sister's grave at Chatsworth; I have communicated with the Devonshires, and it will require arrangements to be made for transportation with the RAF.

January 21, 1964 - Tuesday

John McCone was due to arrive here yesterday, but no one could land at London Airport; indeed, I believe most of the airfields on the continent were also closed in by fog. I tried yesterday to establish contact in the Foreign Office with Harold Caccia. He has been shooting in Czechoslovakia, and was due back today. I am informed, however, he is still grounded in Prague. Sammy Hood is out of circulation with pneumonia.

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The new Ecuadorean Ambassador, Don Alberto Wright Vallarino, came to see me this morning. He was born in 1906, educated in Belgium and London, and for a time was engaged in banking business. He lived in England for about ten years; his father was at one time Ecuadorean Cons[illegible]eneral here.

E came down to lunch with me.

I was distressed to receive a telegram from Bill Rivkin in Luxembourg saying Dr Bech had fallen and broken his wrist and ankle. I sent him the following word of commiseration:

> "Distressed to hear about your accident. First misstep I ever heard of you making. Respectful and affectionate regards."

Noel Gaylor stopped in to see me this afternoon. He has been assigned to the Pentagon, and is working on research and development matters for the Navy. He finds resentment everywhere in the NATO countries over the fashion in which the US is pushing the sale of military equipment.

Ray Armstrong who [illegible] in OSS during the war, in charge of radio communications at First Army Headquarters, called on me.

Shew Hagerty of Newsweek came to interview me on the subject of General de Gaulle. They are doing a cover story on the General, to coincide with his press conference in Paris on January 31.

Since my return, I have heard nothing about the MLF except the repetition of a remark by Field Marshall Montgomery on the subject, when he observed "You might as well set up a breeding establishment to produce a NATO man."

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DA to talk to D.O. Clark.

MR. F. SCHULZ PhD
32 WOODSTOCK ROAD NORTH,
ST. ALBANS,
HERTS.
TELEPHONE
ST. ALBANS 51467

RECEIVED
AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE.
JAN 21 1964

18th January 1964.

Your Excellency,

I hate all Americans - and I am not a crank! Forgive me for troubling you, but I have a problem, and I think you might be able to help.

Over the years, my only contact has been with what one might term the 'ugly American' - and now I have built up such a feeling of hatred that I just cannot stand the sight of the Americans moving about England. I thought I could cure the disease by joining the Library of USIS and 'read' all about the Americans and thus come to a better understanding. Alas, I have to

admit failure, partly because of lack of ti
to sit down and absorb the book knowled
and partly because the human element
is missing that might give the written wo
a touch of reality and also provide the
opportunity for discussion.

I wonder whether your Excellency
might know of any member of your staff
or the American community in London
who might be willing to be the key to op
the door for a better appreciation and under
standing of the American character and
mentality. Please do not treat this as a
joke, I am serious. Otherwise I would not
have dared waste your time. I should be
pleased to go up to London ect this
American or to welcome h ner here in
St. Albans. Thank you ng so patien
in reading this letter.

Yours sincerely,

F. Smith

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"JOINT EMBASSY-USIS MESSAGE.

The report that de Gaulle intends to recognize Communist China had top play in yesterday's Evening Standard. Most of today's papers give prominent news coverage with editorials generally taking line de Gaulle's decision is wise one since world cannot forever maintain fiction that Chicoms do not exist.

There was great variance in sourcing of news...Evening Standard's story quoted "Government spokesmen in Paris," but today's press mentioned only "diplomatic observers," "a high authority," or "unofficial sources." For instance, the Guardian's front-page piece began: "Full recognition by France of Communist China in the near future was the theme of every unofficial source of information in Paris this afternoon in spite of official discouragement. Story was dismissed as unfounded rumour by State Radio news bulletin tonight, with considerable emphasis."

Nevertheless, British press accepted story as valid and surmised deGaulle would make official announcement at his press conference January 31.

Daily Express said de Gaulle's decision should not be interpreted as device to "flout" Americans, and pointed out Britain is faithful ally of US despite British recognition Chicoms ten years ago. Express said Chicoms can "no longer be excluded from the international company," and should be a member of UN.

Daily Herald said de Gaulle's intention "to follow example of British and recognize Red China is sound sense. He has broken free from childish illusion, still cherished by Americans, that if you refuse to notice Chinese Communists they will somehow go away.... The sooner Communist China is accepted by all the Western countries and admitted to the United Nations, the better for prospects of world peace."

In same vein, Guardian's front-page cartoon by Papas shows de Gaulle touching Chou En-Lai's bared chest while he beckons to cowboy-suited President Johnson. The President declares: "And I say he doesn't exist."

Daily Telegraph said it is not for Britain to say that de Gaulle's action is wrong, but contends it is absurd to suggest "that France's recognition would actually make it easier for the United States to disentangle herself from the impasse into which her Asian policies have led her." Telegraph pointed out the US will not back down on its commitments to Taiwan, "especially after the mischievous wooing of Africa by Chou En-Lai," and concludes de Gaulle wishes to revive a "French presence" in the Far East.

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E and I had to cancel an engagement at lunch today with Donald Tyerman and the staff of the Economist. This is the third time I have had to retreat at the last moment from such luncheons with Tyerman, so that now it has become a joke between us.

The Kennedys are extraordinarily active mentally and physically. The AG wants to visit the former Ambassador's residence at 14 Princes Gate, the Gibbs School which he attended while his father was Ambassador in London, and his tailor; Ethel wishes to shop. She inquired today about the possibility of getting horses to ride in Hyde Park before breakfast.

The Kennedys and ourselves dined tonight at Mirabelle Restaurant, as guests of Stash Radziwill. Bobby abandoned all professional cares, and they were both gay and attractive.

January 25, 1964 - Saturday

After a short spell at the office, the Kennedys went off this morning to Chatsworth, where he wished to see his sister's grave, which he had never before visited. Arrangements were made for transport to be effected by the Queen's Flight of the RAF; they lunched with Deborah Devonshire, returning in the afternoon.

I had a busy day at the office, starting with the AG's large press conference at 8:30 this morning. We had been booked to spend the weekend shooting at the Cranbornes' in Dorset, but of course cancelled this.

Tonight, the Kennedys, Stash, Andrew Devonshire, Diana Cooper, Ann Fleming, Roy Jenkins and his wife, dined with us, most of them staying until midnight. It was a carefree, enjoyable evening; Diana was in her usual good form, holding the women entranced with tales of the time when she played in The Miracle.

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She said she had received during the last week two love letters from Lord [redacted] Beaverbrook, who, although never on good terms with Duff, has had a lifelong affection for Diana. He is in the South of France, in bad condition from arthritis and from deep cobalt bombing for suspected cancer.

The AG wanted to go and see Beaverbrook, who, while attacking American policy, has always through his papers been flattering and considerate about the Kennedy family, especially the late President. He was an intimate friend of Joe Kennedy during the latter's ambassadorial stay in London.

Andrew Devonshire said that the high officials of the Commonwealth Relations and Colonial office have been for days on a 16-hour schedule, in connection with the troubles in East Africa and Cyprus. British troops, at the request of the governments concerned, have been successfully landed in Uganda, Tanganyika and Kenya, where they quickly restored order. It is ironical to contemplate that a short time after the native governments were crowing over the departure of the British military, they had to call them back in order [redacted] main in power.

January 26, 1964 - Sunday

Went to the office. Afterwards the Kennedys, Mike and ourselves motored out to Chequers, to lunch with the Prime Minister. Following lunch there was a long conversation commencing with the Cyprus question. This, and preceding conversations are dealt with in the following cables:

We dropped the Kennedys off at 5 Cheyne Walk, where they had tea with that charming woman, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire.

Unfortunately, Bobby, and to a lesser degree Ethel, were severely poisoned last night, presumably by food at our house. One would not have suspected it, to look at them, but Bobby was [redacted] to a bowl of soup at lunch.

[redacted]

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I regret they should have been poisoned at our house, but was somewhat relieved when the PM said that after our lunch with him yesterday at Chequers he had been violently ill.

Lewis Jones and I spent most of the afternoon seeing the two Foreign Ministers, and summarized the conversations in these telegrams:

The talking paper on which I drew was as follows:

One of the most vexatious matters I have dealt with for some time is the continuing one of the representation of other governmental agencies in our London Embassy. I sent today the following despatch on this subject to the Department:

We had a cocktail party last night, but I was so delayed at the office that I did not arrive until about half the guests had left. E [redacted] gathered in, it seemed to me, most of the prettiest young women in London.

I talked to Selwyn Lloyd about a possible date for the election. He told me not to mention it, which I shall not, but there was no chance of its taking place in March. He is enjoying his position as Leader of the House of Commons.

During the evening, Joe Wolf telephoned me from Washington about Cyprus. I was rather vehement in expressing the view that we should agree to furnish a police contingent to any international force, but [redacted] above all, we should stop shilly-shallying around as if the possibility of an imminent crisis in Cyprus had not occurred to us until the last few days. I understood from him that General Lemnitzer, who from a conversation with Paris this morning I had assumed was already on his way to Ankara, had not yet taken off. I fear my comments on this indecision were somewhat pungent. Lemnitzer was due to speak at a Pilgrims dinner in London tomorrow night, but that is of no importance compared with his

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January 31, 1964 - Friday

I went to Marlborough House, where at ten o'clock the meeting on our joint proposal took place. What was said is covered in these telegrams.

About noon, Foreign Minister Erkin came to see me and I communicated his remarks to the Department:

Pauline and Philippe de Rothschild lunched with us.

Afterwards, I telephoned to Burdett in Washington, and sent another telegram, as well as dictating this memorandum for submission to Foreign Minister Erkin.

Several days ago, I lit upon what seemed to me one of the worst prepared drafts I have ever read, dished up in the Department with a view to its inclusion in the briefing book for the meeting with Home and Butler in February. I sent a one-sentence preliminary reply, as follows:

I also sent a telegram to the Department about the entertainment of Lady Douglas Home and Mrs. Butler:

Tonight E and I went down to Easton Neston, with the hope of shooting pheasants tomorrow, the last day of the season.

February 1, 1964 - Saturday

I was about to set forth this morning with the head gamekeeper for hedgerow shooting when I received a call from the London office saying I was expected to take up urgently and immediately the question of Zanzibar with Duncan Sandys. In view of the five hour difference of time between London and Washington, and the necessity for securing an appointment with Sandys, which could not be set until after noon, I went out and potted a few pheasants.

I saw Sandys this afternoon in London, and sent the following telegram about our conversations:

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MEMORANDUM

January 31, 1964

From; The Ambassador

TO: Mr. Eiits

I had a telephone call from the Department of State at 4:30 p.m. this afternoon, saying that my communication about Foreign Minister Erkin's comments on the joint proposal had been received there. The Department does not wish to engage in any bilateral discussions of the subject, since it regards negotiations as taking place in the respective capitals. They feel that the information to representatives of the countries concerned in London was a matter of courtesy.

I was told to say to the Foreign Minister that in the view of the United States Government the item about non-augmentation of the present Turkish and Greek forces on Cyprus was absolutely fundamental.

As regards the executive authority of a military commander on the island the Department feels that this question is capable of being resolved afterwards if the principle of the proposal is accepted and we have also the consent of the authorities on the island.

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AmEmbassy LONDON

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STATE

ACTION: Secstate Washington

For LnA from Bruce.

Between the distractions of internal administrative and personnel problems, receiving visits from peripatetic and fidgeting Federal officers, giving cocktail parties for compatriots, addressing British audiences seemingly tolerant of endless flows of banal oratory, carrying out instructions to make representations to the British Foreign Office, all too often duplicatory of conversations already held with the efficient British Embassy in Washington, liverish representational lunching and dining, attending meetings of Anglo-American good-will organizations, running a bar-room and restaurant for jet-borne countrymen, turning night into day in an unceasing effort to cope with trivia, crippling my wrist with correspondence, attempting to preserve security with inquisitive journalists, maintaining courteous relations with 100 odd Ambassadorial colleagues, it is quite impossible for me to concoct within the time allotted, namely a few days, a reasoned response to your 10-page memorandum of January 2[illegible] respecting comments on that hotch potch of

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/confusion

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confusion suggested as a background paper for the President in connection with "the forthcoming Johnson-Douglas-Home talks"; I will close this somewhat lengthy midnight sentence by stating I will answer as quickly as I can, and without unwarranted bile, having already disposed, I hope satisfactorily, in a previous communication, of the weighty matter of how Mesdames Douglas-Home and Butler should occupy their leisure moments in Washington.

Cheers.

BRUCE

AMB:DBruce/eo - Jan. 28, 1964

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Attention Gordon Knox,

Your memo January 20, re [illegible] visit.

[illegible] visit Washington.

I had opportunity discuss matter with Lady Douglas-Home, whose views would I am sure be shared by Mrs. Butler. She would prefer not to visit hospitals, press corps installations, etc., but to remain in general Washington area. She has previously visited Mount Vernon briefly, but would like see it again. I suggest Woodlawn be added. She would also welcome opportunity for leisurely tour of National Gallery; I know this would especially interest Mrs. Butler. If time permits, I would suggest they might also see Freer Gallery, and one or more Smithsonian units.

Re large dinner at White House. We will consent to separate message on British actors, musicians, journalists, etc., though I think you are in better position to make selection, perhaps through Smithsonian and U. S. Council Center, New York.

Re to comparison

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February 3, 1964 - Monday

I went down to see Harold Caccia this morning at the Foreign Office, and sent off these two telegrams:

Meanwhile, we have been informed from Cyprus that Makarios will not deliver his reply until tomorrow or Wednesday.

Lunched with E at Bucks. This afternoon I presented Bob Smith with a testimonial letter that by no means overstated his superlative servicds during 23 years as the ambassadors' chauffeur here. His numerous friends in the Embassy also gave him a box containing a pipe, and another holding a gold watch.

On the way to this ceremony I saw Admiral Jake Mitchell for a short talk. He married my cousin, Nanny Braxton Dallam, of Baltimore. I went to school with him, and he was also at Princeton; he told me they had 12 grandchildren, which has resulted in a thin dispersion of the once substantial family fortune.

Tonight we dined with the Thorneycrofts, in their new duplex apartment on Eaton Square. The other guests were Lady Hambleden and Archie Colquohoun, who is generally considered here the best translator of Italian works into English. He was fascinating about Italy, especially Sicily. He translated The Leopard, and had had something to do with making arrangements for the use of Palermo palaces in connection with the film. He said most of these great houses have been encroached upon by slums, and are in bad condition inside, although one or two are still well kept up. He referred to there having been some 360 villas fairly close to Palermo, few of which are now well preserved. He thought the Mafia and the lack of security consequent upon its activities had made the rehabilitation of these country residences unattractive to Italians. He observed, however, that in the case of foreigners

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who bought such villas there was no molestation unless the occupants displayed an undue interest in local politics. Lady Hambleden, Italian, the daughter of Countess Attolico, a famous Roman hostess, has just been deserted by her husband and left with six children. He has gone off with another Italian. Her brother, Attolico, has just separated from the famous relic of Aly Kahn, the engaging model, Bettina.

While we were dining, Duncan Sandys sent over a communication he wanted Peter and myself to read about Cyprus.

I stopped at the office on the way home, where I read a mass of papers bearing on Cyprus, and telephoned to Bill Burdett in Washington.

February 4, 1964 - Tuesday

Another beautiful day. Rain is said to have fallen in London only once in the month of January. Thus far in February we have had spring weather, with some sunshine every day. In spite of bronchial overtones, the climate here in winter has much to commend it, with a temperature variation usually between 40 and 50 degrees F.

We had a lunch at home today for

Duchess of Buccleuch
Edward Albee (playwright--"Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe?"
Mr. Schneider (colleague of Mr. Albee)
Mrs. Dorothea Blum (close friend of Senator Humphrey, has a showing at Arthur Jeffress Gallery)
Peter Coats (Vogue Magazine)
Joan Haslip (authoress)

Albee seemed surprisingly young for such a successful playwright. We all had an amusing and long round-table conversation.

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Illustrative of the US confusion over the assessment of the situation in Zanzibar are two telegrams from Dar Es Salaam:

The British have claimed that at least temporarily the situation is under control. People in the Department fear an immediate Communist take-over. It can be assumed the substance of the Dar Es Salaam communications is known to the British.

Another wild telegram was recently sent, telling our man in Tanganyika to suggest to Nyerere that he enter the play by making, amongst other things, a trip to Zanzibar. He seems to have had the good sense to refuse, probably for the justified fear that it would not be safe for him to leave his own territory in order to poke about the island.

At the Austrian Ambassador's the other night, Elizabeth Home told a couple of stories about her husband and his family. It seems a few evenings ago the PM was called on the telephone at Downing Street. A voice said "My wife was eaten by Mau Maus. How do I claim compensation?" Home, thinking it was his brother Willie, addicted to such pleasantries, replied "Come off it, Willie; that is not funny," and hung up the receiver. A few minutes later, there was another call, "Prime Minister, my wife was really eaten by Mau Maus; this is not a joking matter."

Home was appealed to once by a brother (at times two of them have been in prison) as to what clothes he should take to wear during his incarceration. Home's answer was "I wouldn't think they dress for dinner."

E and I went to the theater tonight as guests of Frances and Ashley Clarke, to see The Recruiting Officer, by George Farquhar. This brilliant 17th Century dramatist died at the age of 29. It was good entertainment, and well cast. Laurence Olivier, in rather a minor part as a recruiting officer, acted with

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"1. Spencer returned Dar 4/0900Z. He gave us his general impression that Zanzibar situation fairly normal. No police-state atmosphere, relative freedom of movement, and no signs hostility or suspicion toward him or Petterson on part population or officials. No guards at airport, no evidence Cuban-type activity. Trip through rural areas showed many simple dwellings burned, presumably those of Arabs. 3 to 5 thousand of whom estimated killed, mostly outside city. British and general population uncertain as to future political course new government, as is Petterson. However Spencer saw no indication significant Communist activity although 1 Pole arrived on same plane with him. Population (Arab and others, as well as Africans) going about business without visible signs of fear. Police almost exclusively Africans in uniform.

2. Spencer described call on Babu as cordial and successful in that Babu promised 2 guards at each site and gave assurances of protection and security property and local personnel. Commented that Petterson seemed on good terms with Babu and well respected.

3. Babu confirmed that Spencer and Burcha authorized return Zanzibar and remain pending decision on future of station and that up to 4 other Bendis personnel may visit at 1 time temporarily for purpose of taking care of personal affairs but not in connection with station activities. Spencer did not press point on this occasion but has impression he and Burch could travel to and from Dar, if they were to remain Zanzibar.

4. Spencer inspection showed Tunguu station untouched but number houses Nasa and Mercury personnel looted to some degree. Petterson and Spencer therefore strongly recommend that local employees, under supervision Clark (British Chief Zanzibar Electricity Board), transfer all personal effects from homes Bendix personnel to secure central location for safekeeping. Petterson believes this can be done without special permission from GOZ and without any adverse political effects. He would like our views. Propose tell him we see no objection to Clark carrying out transfer.

5. According Spencer, Petterson believes that if decision made to move personal effects departed Embassy/USIS personnel, this could be done without creating political or insurmountable logistic problems. Petterson is arranging send suitcases with clothing Mrs. Picard and children to Nairobi, but if all effects to be shipped out hope have assistance some US personnel for packing and other arrangements. Spencer recommends no decision be made concerning removal effects of Nasa-Bendix personnel until clearer view station future or time required for decision.

6. On future visits, Petterson and Spencer agree Spencer need not make new visit before next week. Spencer hopes Burch will have returned Dar and could accompany him with possibility remaining on Zanzibar. Spencer would return Dar and plan make further visits at appropriate intervals.

7. Petterson gave Spencer personal mail of station personnel which he carried back without trouble.

8. Spencer conveyed to Petterson reftel instructions and guidance.

9. Comments follow." [illegible]

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"Re Peterson telecon from Zanzibar.

1. Embassy officer informed Petterson of Spencer's safe return. Petterson commented he did not feel strongly one way or another about desirability return US personnel.

2. Petterson said Zanzibar radio evening February 3 broadcast interview of Karume by ChiCom Charge in course which Karume stated 'our enemies are British and Americans.' Petterson commented this first time such statement made by Karume or other official old ASP."

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in a telegram to Dar Es Salaam two days ago that our Ambassador there was enjoined to see Nyerere, and amongst other questions to ask him whether there would be any point of his going to Zanzibar for a close-up look at what is going on. I doubt that Nyerere will put his head in that lion's mouth.

February 6, 1964 - Thursday

Mr. Ernst van der Beugel, introduced by Henry Kissinger, a friend of Bob Bowie and George Ball, came to see me this morning. He was Deputy Foreign Minister of the Netherlands until 1959, then served as President of KLM, and is now on the Board of Directors of several Dutch companies, as well as being active in the Dutch Labor Party. He is also the European secretary of the Bilderberg Group, which is soon having a meeting at Williamsburg, Virginia.

Van der Beugel is writing a book on American policy toward European integration. I had a long talk with this intelligent man. I found his views accorded with mine on the desirability of not pressing at this time for re-opening of plans for the Six to establish a political institution.

I lunched with Roy Thomson at his office. The guests were:

Harold Wilson (Leader of the Opposition)
Patrick Gordon Walker (Shadow Foreign Secretary)
Lord Franks (Provost of Worcester College, Oxford)
Sir Julian Pode (Chairman of the Steel Company of Wales Ltd.)
Sir Robert Shone (Director-General, National Economic Development Council)
Dr. Richard Beeching, (Chairman of the British Railways Board)
John Hunter (Chairman, Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson Ltd.)
J. M. Cantart (Managing Director, The Thomson Organization)
C. D. Hamilton (Editorial Director and Editor of THE SUNDAY TIMES)
Iain M. Stewart (Director, Thomson Organization)
W. Ross-Mogg (Deputy Editor, SUNDAY TIMES)
Frank Giles, (Managing Editor, SUNDAY TIMES)

We had a long session after lunch, lasting until three o'clock, during which Harold Wilson, Oliver Franks, and myself spoke about the future of Anglo-American

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February 8, 1964 - Saturday

It is foggy today, so aircraft have been unable to land at London Airport. Lewis Jones and Findley Burns were on hand before breakfast time to meet the advance guard of the officers who will inspect this Embassy, but their plane was obliged to go on to Frankfort. I spent most of the day and a good part of the night at CRO and FO. I am glad George Ball is coming over, for it is unsatisfactory to try to reconcile differences of view between the British, ourselves, Greeks and Turks by ordinary methods of communication, especially since there is such a variation in time between the capitals.

February 9, 1964 - Sunday

George Ball, with Jack Jernegan, Joe Siscoe, and two secretaries, flew into London this morning. I took Jack Rennie of the Foreign Office out to the airport to meet them. Owing to fog, their arrival was at 11 a.m.

George and I lunched at the Turf Club, as guests of Lord Carrington, with Duncan Sandys and Harold Caccia. After a thorough canvass of the Cyprus situation, we went to the office, and later to CRO. Siscoe explained, with commendable clarity, the different UN procedures that might be invoked to deal with the situation.

Earlier, George and I received Kyprianou and the High Commissioner Soteriades, at my office. Kyprianou, 31 years old, was specific about his Government's intention to refer the matter to the Security Council. He was unshaken by George's statements of the dangers of such an action.

The Ball party left for Athens tonight in their sharklike jet; they should get there about 2 a.m.

I went home from the airport, ate sandwiches, and bedded down.

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February 10, 1964 - Monday

My postponed trip materialized this morning. I took the 11 a.m. PanAmerican plane to New York. We remained there for two hours, before proceeding to Dulles, where I was met by Willis Armstrong.

Ate crabmeat Maryland, then to bed at the Metropolitan Club. It is snowing heavily, as it was in New York.

February 11, 1964 - Tuesday

Still snowing--by nightfall there was a ten-inch fall.

Spent the day at the Department. The greatest excitement in Washington is over the Beatles. Much concern about Cyprus, where the situation is deteriorating. Greek Cypriots continue to murder Turks, who return the compliment.

Lunched with Bob Schaetzel. Worked late. Briefing this morning with the Secretary; in the afternoon with the President, whose vitality is almost electric.

February 12, 1964 - Wednesday.

My birthday. The streets are slushy.

I rode with Angie Duke and his son to Andrews Field to meet the PM's party, which consisted of the Douglas-Homes, Rab Butlers, Harold Caccia, Sir Burke Trend (Secretary to the Cabinet), Sir Timothy Bligh (the PM's principal private secretary), Sir Harold Evans (Press Secretary), Oliver Wright (private secretary to the PM), J. N. Henderson (the Foreign Secretary's principal private secretary), R. M. Hadow (Head of F.O. News Department) and others.

We embarked in helicopters and landed on the White House lawn, where a welcoming committee greeted the visitors. Everyone trailed through the mansion onto the North Porch. The two National Anthems were played; the two leaders orated.

E.O. 12356 Sec. 3.4

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The President and the PM confabbed for an hour or more, while the rest of us conferred in the Cabinet room. Shortly before noon, I went off with Angie and David Gore to the Lincoln Memorial, where we followed our ~~Masters up the~~ steps to watch them lay wreaths, after more National Anthem exercises. The President then spoke eloquently into a loudspeaker about Lincoln. Taps were sounded, the crowd dispersed.

Sir Howard Beale, the Australian Ambassador, gave a lunch in honor of the PM and Butler, to which he invited all Commonwealth Ambassadors. He was generous enough to include me with Dean Rusk and Bob McNamara, as American guests. I was seated between the Ambassadors of Ceylon and Pakistan; the Pak was amiable, the other surly.

We had an afternoon crowded with discussion. Later, I attended Rusks's dinner for the PM and Butler at Blair House, during and after which useful business was transacted. The day was punctuated with gloomy reports by George Ball from Cyprus--Makarios is being obstinate and uncooperative, while the Islanders continue to hack at each other.

Today--Lincoln's birthday (which is also Alice Longworth's) is not a public holiday.

February 13, 1964 - Thursday

Another busy day. Men's lunch with David Gore at the British Embassy, attended by the President.

Tonight, I went to the White House to have drinks in the Oval Room with the President and Mrs. Johnson, who asked their foreign guests to assemble there before the arrival of the multitude.

I thought the dinner a great success. I was fortunate enough to sit between charming Mrs. David Ogilvy and agreeable Mrs. Rolvaag, wife of the Governor of Minnesota.

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DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Thursday, February 13, 1964
at eight o'clock

The President and Mrs. Johnson

The Right Honorable Sir Alec and Lady Douglas-Home
Prime Minister of Great Britain
The Right Honorable and Mrs. R. A. Butler
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs
H.E. The British Ambassador and
Lady Ormsby Gore
Sir Harold Caccia
Permanent Under Secretary, The Foreign Office
Sir Burke Trend
Secretary to the Cabinet

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Rusk

Mr. Justice and Mrs. White
Supreme Court of the United States
The Secretary of State and Mrs. McNamara

The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wirtz

Senator and Mrs. Russell B. Long

Senator and Mrs. Clinton P. Anderson

The Governor of Minnesota and Mrs. Rolvaag

Representative and Mrs. Jack Brooks

General and Mrs. Maxwell D. Taylor
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff
Sir Patrick and Lady Dean
UK Representative to the UN
Hon. David K. E. Bruce
U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain
Hon. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke
Chief of Protocol
Hon. and Mrs. McGeorge Bundy
Special Assistant to the President
Hon. and Mrs. Carl T. Rowan
Director-designate, U. S. Information Agency
The Rt. Rev. and Mrs. William F. Creighton
Bishop of Washington
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Reedy
Assistant to the President
Hon. William Walton
Chr., Commission of Fine Arts
Hon. William L. Slayton, Jr.
Admr., Area Redevelopment Administration
Hon. and Mrs. Erle Cocke, Jr.
Int'l Bank for Reconstruction and Development

Mr. Joe L. Allbritton
Houston, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]
Alexandria, Virginia
Miss Karen Batt
Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle
Actor - Beverly Hills, California
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bortman
Newton Center, Massachusetts
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Busby
Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip Butcher
Professor of English, Morgan State College
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Carpenter
Mr. -Columnist; Mrs.-Press Secy to Mrs. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Carter
Editor, McCalls - New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Lansdell K. Christie
New York City
Hon. and Mrs. Earle C. Clements
Washington, D. C.
Mr. Thomas G. Corcoran
Lawyer - Washington, D. C.
Hon. and Mrs. Richard J. Daley
Mayor of Chicago
Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. Daniel
President, Virginia State College
Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Davis
Musician - New York City
Mr. Allen Drury
Washington, D. C.
Mr. Albert Finney
English actor - New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Abe Fortas
Lawyer - Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Gregory
Long Beach, California
Hon. and Mrs. Wilton Hall
Anderson, South Carolina
Mr. and Mrs. Albert John Hays
Pres., Int'l Assn of Machinists, D.C.
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hefferman
Reuters-Australian A.P.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Heren
London Times
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hightower
Associated Press
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kenin
Musicians' Union, Westport, Connecticut
Mr. and Mrs. Gerrys Kincaid
Lexington, Kentucky
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kintner
President, NBC, New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Erich Leinsdorf
Conductor, Boston Symphony Orchestra
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann
Columnist
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marcus
Dallas, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Marks
Lawyer; member Telstar Commission, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Cameron McElroy
Marshall, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. McNary
Alexandria, Virginia
Dr. and Mrs. James M. Nabrit, Jr.
President, Howard University
Mr. and Mrs. William Noel
Odessa, Texas

Mr. and Mrs. David Ogilvy
New York, N. Y.
Colonel C. Michael Paul
Palm Beach, Florida
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Rose
Pres., United Hatters, Cap & Millinery Workers Int'l Union, NYC
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Russell
Conde Nast - Vogue, New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ruzicka
Frontenac, Missouri
Miss Helen Thomas
United Press International
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Saltzman
Nat'l Pres., English Speaking Union, NYC
Mr. and Mrs. Marlin E. Sandlin
English Speaking Union, Houston, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. David Searls
Houston, Texas
Dr. and Mrs. Courtney Smith
Pres., Swarthmore College;
heads Rhodes Scholarship program
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Steinbeck
Author - New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence E. Tierney, Jr.
Bluefield, West Virginia
Mr. and Mrs. Tony Walton
Mrs. - Julie Andrews, singer and actress
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Weisl, Sr.
New York, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wyman
Los Angeles, California

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Went aboard the Pan Am plane at 10 o'clock this morning. Fifteen minutes later, the Captain informed us there was a leak in a fuel tank, so we adjourned to the VIP lounge room, there to remain almost three hours. Lowell Weicker joined me, and we talked of old times, as well as of his present management of the Bigelow Sanford Carpet Company.

My seat mate was an Englishman, Mr. Glasson, representative of Johnson & Johnson. He told me a wondrous tale of how their research people, in trying recently to perfect tranquilizer pills, had stumbled upon an infallible poison for rats, who globally outnumber humans. Mice are immune to this concoction.

Bill Lyons of Pan American, commenting on how changes of time between continents adversely affect most passengers, cited Winston Churchill's recipe for coping with the problem. He ordered a steak dinner to be served him every four hours.

Al Wells and Bill Fitzgerald met me at London Airport; I was abed by 2:30 a.m.

February 16, 1964 - Sunday

I stirred early enough this morning, but not to match George Ball, who commenced at 3 o'clock to work on a new plan for Cyprus.

I went to his press conference at the Grosvenor Hotel; he did it well. Then we repaired to the Foreign Office to meet Messrs. Butler, Sandys, Carrington, Caccia, et al. We lunched with Duncan Sandys at his house--a superlative meal, inspired, I would guess, by his beguiling French wife.

Thence to the airport; our visitors left in a heavy physical fog. I motored directly back to Regents Park in time for dinner and masses of unread papers.

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February 17, 1964 - Monday

Belatedly ordered birthday suits at E. Tautz, and joyously striped shirts at Edouard & Butler. I cannot commend London laundries. Perhaps it is an over free use of detergents that frays linen so speedily.

I went to a lunch given at the American Club for Tom Beale by the members of his section. It took place in a private dining room, and was most enjoyable. At the end of it we praised T who so justly deserves all the good things said of him, and presented him with a silver cigarette box, engraved with the names of many of his friends.

Bill Stoneman came to see me this afternoon. He has reviewed for his Chicago paper Bob Murphy's Diplomat Among Warriors. Bill was in North Africa before, during and after the invasion, as well as in Italy under similar circumstances. He is rather severe in his judgments on some of the contents of the book. He still believes it was unnecessary to accord Admiral Darlan the position he occupied. He considers Murphy an able negotiator, but, quoting what Lord Salisbury said about Iain Macleod, "too clever by half". He also thinks Murphy's conception of military strategy usually unsound; for instance, he does not believe the proposed paratroop drop on Rome, which he says Bob accuses Maxwell Taylor and Ridgway of thwarting, could possibly have succeeded.

We went to Covent Garden at 7:30 tonight, to see the ballet Ondine, as guests of the Droghedas. This was first produced by the Royal Ballet Company in 1958; the choreography is by Freddy Ashton, and Margot Fonteyn had the principal role, with Donald MacLeary as her partner. I thought it enchanting, and Margot, as usual, superbly graceful.

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I had at the end of the reception a chance to talk to Harold Caccia about Cyprus and Zanzibar.

The British and ourselves are disturbed over the situation in Ghana. There is a feeling here in informed circles that Nkrumah is so emotionally unstable that he has gone around the bend of reason. According to someone who knows him well, he has three gods--"Jesus Christ, Karl Marx, and the witch doctor". The problem is to know which is uppermost in his mind at any one time.

February 19, 1964 - Wednesday

It has been cold the last few days, with the temperature at night below freezing. Yesterday it snowed a little, but none remained on the ground.

Col. Leer, Deputy Chief of MAAG, brought his replacement, Col. Watt, to see me this morning. They were followed by Edgar McGinnis, the Petroleum Attache who has been here for months, but with whom I not talked at length previously had [redacted]. We discussed the prospects for oil and gas discoveries on the continental shelf. The commencement of operations in the North Sea awaits legislation that is expected to pass Parliament by the end of March. This and the decision to build the Channel tunnel are probably the most important ones in the field of economics and finance that have been under consideration by the Government for some years, with the exception of the Common Market affair.. Extensive drilling in the North Sea area should commence this year.

E and I lunched at Tiberio.

This afternoon was one of excitement and confusion, as far as I was concerned. The Zanzibar plaster became unstuck, Prime Minister Karume has ordered the British High Commissioner and our Vice Consul Petterson to leave within 24 hours in dudgeon over non-recognition of his regime by our two governments.

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Notes for Rotary Club, Bexley

Mr. President, Mr. Heath, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel honored at being your guest tonight, especially since I too am a Rotarian. More years ago than I care to remember I founded a Rotary Club in a remote rural area in southern Virginia, where my family then lived. It was successful in bringing together, to their mutual benefit, the scattered leaders of a community, who otherwise would seldom have met and coordinated their efforts for the common welfare.

I am particularly happy tonight to be here at the suggestion of Ted Heath. Foreign Ambassadors are not allowed to express opinions on domestic politics in another country, but they are fortunately free to form personal friendships. This was, incidentally, not the case during the great days of the Venetian Republic, when a citizen of Venice was subject to the death penalty if he conversed privately with a foreign diplomat.

I had many professional dealings with Mr. Heath when he was Lord Privy Seal, and the spokesman of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. I admired him for the frankness, clarity and wisdom of his expositions, and formed an affection for him as a friend.

Last week, I was in Washington during the meetings between the Prime Minister, Mr. Butler and their colleagues, with our President, Secretary of State and their associates. As you probably know, all such conferences are preceded by a frantic drafting of possible communiques to be issued at their conclusion. The soothsayers are often disappointed in their predictions, but in this case they might easily have foretold what results would be achieved.

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The word "harmonious" is almost invariably used to characterize the atmosphere of such meetings. On this occasion it was apt. For two days, morning, afternoon and night, there was a candid interchange of views, and the resulting communique properly summarized the underlying purpose of the talks in describing them as animated by "the determination that the pursuit of peace should be unfalteringly mainted."

Of course, there were subjects on which the foreign policies of our two countries are in sharp contrast. But such disagreements as do arise, do not impair the fundamental basis of our relationship. In fact, it would be remarkable and perhaps undesirable if there were not disagreements between two great democracies, unlike the situation prevailing in countries with dogmatic, autocratic and inflexible societies.

Our two Governments reaffirmed their faith in their numerous alliances, their determination to continue efforts to reduce tension between the East-West blocs, with its risk of war and its crushing burden of armaments, by bringing about effective and controlled disarmament.

We also reaffirmed our loyalty to the United Nations, and to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

We are agreed upon the importance of [redacted] political and economic cooperation in Europe within a broad Atlantic partnership.

We promised joint support for the national independence of Malaysia and South Vietnam.

We pledged our Governments to expand international trade and promote economic growth for all nations.

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These meetings between the heads and Foreign Ministers of our Governments have been frequent in the past, and will so continue in the future. I believe they are invaluable on both sides.

I should like to say a few words about the change which took place in my country after the tragic assassination of President Kennedy. Within 90 minutes of his death, his successor, Vice-President Johnson, took an oath of office and assumed the responsibilities of the Presidence.

The transition was smooth, and there was no interruption of Governmental business.

This might have been expected because of the close working relationship between the deceased and the new President.

Both had been members of the United States Senate, and had served together in it. Both had been candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Indeed, had it not been for the strong support given in the South at the General Election, to the Democratic ticket because of Mr. Johnson's being Mr. Kennedy's running mate, the latter might well have been defeated by his Republican opponent.

President Johnson, while a Senator, was generally believed to have exercised more power in that body than any other member of it ~~in our entire history~~ ever possessed. Not only was he active in the field of domestic affairs, but he was instrumental in securing the passage of legislation necessary to implement our foreign policies regardless of whether a Republican or a Democrat was in the White House.

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As Vice President, he attended at Mr. Kennedy's request, all meetings of our National Security Council and Cabinet, and was despatched on many special missions to foreign countries.

I think I can truthfully say that never before in our history has a Vice-President, succeeding to the Presidency, had such a wide experience in preparation for it.

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We had promised Nicky to take him to Trader Vic for lunch, as a pre-birthday treat. Since E could not go with us, I toodled down with him to the Hilton, only to find Trader Vic's closed. The poor boy was dreadfully disappointed, as he seemed to have set his digestive heart on what he imagines to be Polynesian food. I finally steered him, somewhat against his will, into Stone's, on Piccadilly, where I had not been myself for 30 years. There he was mollified by what he said were the best lambchops [redacted] ever.

After more telephoning to Washington, we decided that there was little use of making further comments on the Zanzibar situation. Governor Williams has covered the waterfront, and our people will go tomorrow, hat in hand, to Karume and beg to be allowed to remain on the island.

February 23, 1964 - Sunday

Spent a quiet day at home, content to have it officially confirmed at 12:00 o'clock that the US, the UK, the white Commonwealth countries, and others had recognized the Karume government.

Tonight, E and I went to a large buffet supper, given by John Crosby, at his apartment in Chelsea. His rooms were absolutely boiling with [redacted] pretty girls and a mixture of entertaining men. His columns in the Tribune have become popular here; he is so attractive that he has made a large number of acquaintances and friends.

I have lately been reading a book on English inns and restaurants. Some of the names of local dishes are especially quaint. There are still farms and villages where they preserve the knowledge of Frumenty Fluffin, Fig Parkin, Granny Morgan's Brawn, Scruggin Cake, Little Billingham Pudding, Huntingdon Fidget Pie and Yorkshire Old Wives Sod.

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February 25, 1964 - Tuesday

The High Commissioner of India, Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta, came to see me this morning. Dr. Mehta, until recently the Chief Minister of the Gujarat State, is concurrently Ambassador to Ireland. Born in 1887, he was educated at the Grant Medical College in Bombay and at the London Hospital. He has held numerous professional positions, including Acting Assistant Director of the Hale Clinical Laboratory in London; Chief Medical Officer in the Baroda State; President of Indian Medical Conference in 1930, 1943, and 1945; Director of the General Health Services of the Government of India, 1947-48; Chairman of the Executive Council of the Central Drug Research Institute at Lucknow; Vice-Chairman of the Gandhi Memorial Leprosy Foundation. Mrs. Mehta is the daughter of the Dewan Sir Manubhai Mehta of Baroda. She was at one time Vice-Chancellor of Baroda University, and was Deputy Leader of Indian Delegation to UNESCO Conference in Paris in 1958. The High Commissioner is ~~most~~ pleasant in conversation, and rather fine looking. We stayed off the question of Kashmir.

We had a lunch at home today for Kay Graham, with these guests:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. David Astor
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tyerman
Mr. and Mrs. John Russell
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wintour
Mr. Roy Thomson
Mr. Osborn Elliott
Mr. James Cannon
Mr. Frederick Beebe

At 6:30, despite a streaming head cold which wrung my withers, I felt I must go to Miss Mary Trevelyan's Goats Club meeting. This club is quite an extraordinary organization. Its purpose is to promote friendship between students of many different nationalities, or at the least to offer them opportunities for acquaintanceship.

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This evening's meeting was a [illegible] example of what is being done. After sherry in Miss Trevelyan's office at the University of London Union, we had supper in a restaurant across the street, then came back to one of the large Union rooms, where I addressed students of forty different nationalities on the topic "What does an Ambassador do?" This was followed by a question period of an hour and a half. Many of the questions were, of course, loaded; but it was not too difficult to avoid the few that were highly embarrassing, such as a Malaysian student asking why the United States trusted such a rascal as Sukarno.

February 26, 1964 - Wednesday

I had fever this morning, so remained at home. Pam Berry came to lunch with E, but I was too dangerously infectious to leave my bedroom. I had to miss the NEWSWEEK reception at Claridges for Kay Graham, as well as Felix Fenston's Hill Street evening jamboree.

February 27, 1964 - Thursday

It is a pity to be shut up indoors in this beautiful weather. For days the temperature has been about 50 degrees, and an unusual amount of sunshine has blessed us. There is much activity between Washington and here on the Cyprus question. I did some work on this at home this morning.

I have had two days of almost uninterrupted reading. We had for lunch Prince Michel of Greece, a nice young Grecian lady, Marina Karella, and Kisty Hesketh. We more or less fixed up a trip to Greece the end of April, where we will be taken in hand and guided by the charming and erudite Michel.

Tonight, E and I were to dine with the Roy Jenkins. I did not feel up to it, so E went alone.

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February 28, 1964 - Friday

Another lovely day. I went to the office, where I had a talk with Phil Talbot, who has been deep in Cyprus affairs since his arrival here on Wednesday. I lunched at Lord North Street with Stella Reading. She had wanted me for some time to meet and have a talk with Lord Shackleton, one of the most intelligent of Labour Peers. He is a son of the famous Polar explorer. The other guest was Lady Summerskill, the distinguished doctor who is a Life Peer. She almost had a Bill passed in the House of Lords to stop boxing, and thinks because of the steady deterioration of the brain in the case of those whose heads are pummeled violently the whole business, which she does not consider a sport, should be outlawed. We all participated in arguments over what might be done to care for the White Settler minorities in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia. It is possible that something could be accomplished by offering them adequate compensation for their properties if they wished to abandon them. Of course, many, bound to those countries--especially in Southern Rhodesia--by strong sentimental and family ties, would not depart under any conditions.

Warren Phillips, Managing Editor of The Wall Street Journal, and Ray Vicker, its European Editor, came to see me. They spent little time on British politics, but interrogated me at some length about General de Gaulle and his policies, regarding which I have only second-hand information.

Rod McLeash, the Chief European correspondent of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, brought five of his colleagues in, who, somewhat to my surprise, followed the same line of questioning as had the Wall Street Journal representatives. Each of the eight correspondents I saw this afternoon seemed to have his curiosity inflamed by the General, whose actions baffle and irritate them.

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March 1, 1964 - Sunday

E and I went down today to have lunch with Fleur and Tom Meyer at Great Surries, near East Grinstead, Sussex. They have a beautiful, centuries old, farmhouse, set in a valley to which the approach is over as delectable a rolling country as exists anywhere. Amongst a great variety of attractive objects, they have considerable amounts of early American furniture. I sat next to Dame Rebecca West. There were a dozen or so celebrities there, mostly literary people.

Gene Black arrived tonight, to stay with us.

March 2, 1964 - Monday

Lunched at Bucks.

The Turkish Ambassador, Zeki Kuneralp, came to see me. He was born in Istanbul in 1914. Brought up and educated in Switzerland by his mother, he graduated from the University of Berne with a degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He entered the Turkish Foreign Office in 1941. He served at Bucharest and Prague, and was the Turkish delegate to NATO. He had three terms in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, ending as Secretary General (Permanent Undersecretary) in 1960. He was Ambassador at Berne from 1960, and was in London for the Cyprus conference five years ago. The British have a good opinion of him, and consider him a man of high caliber. Kuneralp is married, and has two sons. He speaks excellent English, good French and German, and some Russian. He is badly crippled, and finds it difficult to walk unaided.

Our conversation centered entirely on Cyprus. He has a low opinion of Makarios, and insists the only reasonable solution to protect the Turkish minority would be something along the lines of Swiss cantons.

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I lunched today with Duncan Stirling and the Board of the Westminster Bank Limited. We had a wide range of conversation about financial and political affairs.

E went to Paris yesterday, and will return tomorrow evening.

March 4, 1964 - Wednesday

The Ambassador of Paraguay, Dr. Don Ernesto Manuel Gavilan, came to see me this morning. He was born in 1898 at Asuncion, where he later studied law at the University. He was a teacher, journalist and barrister. In 1919 he was a Deputy in the Liberal Party, becoming Vice President of the Chamber of Deputies in 1935. He served with distinction in the Chaco War, and was exiled in 1936 as a result of a coup d'etat. In 1936, he was reelected as Deputy and played a leading part in the reorganization of the Liberal Party in 1946. From 1947-1953 he held successive ministerial offices in the Liberal Party directorate. In 1963, he was the unsuccessful candidate of the Liberal Party for the position of President. This is the first diplomatic appointment for the Ambassador. He is accompanied by his wife and grandson, who will be educated here.

The Ambassador speaks no English whatever, so was accompanied by an interpret. He was profuse in expressing the gratitude of his country for assistance extended to it under aid programs by the U. S. He did not neglect to add that they would welcome greater amounts from us.

The Cyprus resolution is at last to come up for a vote in New York today; it seems certain to be passed. Meanwhile, agitation in Athens against the American and British Embassies continues, taking the form of demonstrations. Our USIS quarters in Rhodes have been sacked. In Athens, placards with huge photographs of President Johnson wearing a Turkish fez are shown in the streets. The

President has also been burned in effigy. Matters are rendered more complicated by the severe illness of the King, who is expected to die at any time.

Tonight, I went to a Court and Livery Dinner, given by the Worshipful Company of Saddlers. I sat next to the Master, Duncan Alfred Welch, The Lord Mayor, some of the Wardens and Sheriffs of the City, many Masters of other Livery Companies, and impressive representatives of business and professional life in the City were present.

The Saddlers pride themselves on the quality of their food; on this occasion it was the best I have ever had at such a large gathering, and was assisted by a delicious range of wines, including an extraordinary Hock (Duerkheimer Forst Scheurebe Spaetlese 1957). This affair called for white tie and decorations, but many of the guests, because of their official positions, were in knee breeches, wearing lace jabots and ruffles at their wrists. The silver and silver gilt was magnificent. Although the Company's hall was completely destroyed during the last war, one of its members, without any authorization, was enterprising enough to go around to it and load all of its silver and many other objects into a taxicab which he had driven to Essex, where the contents were placed in local bank vaults. Everything remaining, such as portraits and paintings, was burned by enemy action. The present hall is the 4th occupied by this Company. They have interesting traditions. Twice a year members of the governing board inspect establishments in the saddlery trade. The speeches were of a high order, especially that by the Past-Master, Christmas Humphreys, Q.C. I responded to the toast of "The Guests". I had with me the following draft of notes for a speech, but wound up by making a rather lengthy comment on other subjects which were brought up in the course of the evening. Altogether it was a singularly agreeable occasion.

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DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR

Remarks by Ambassador Bruce - Saddlers Company dinner
Saddlers Hall, March 4, 1964

My Lord, etc.

May I first of all say, on behalf of my fellow guests, what a pleasure it is to dine with such distinguished associates in this fourth Saddlers Hall? We are all aware, of course, that contemporaneous as we are, the Saddlers Company is an ancient one, going back almost seven hundred, or is it a thousand years? -- a trifling distinction in antiquity.

You, Sir, and your fellow officers of the Company, must anticipate with relish the even more festive occasion that will be celebrated here on your anniversary in 1972. Back in 1272, when the Company received its first charter from Edward I, it was an Anglo-Saxon Guild.

Perhaps, in those days, it might be said of many of us that we were all Anglo-Saxons, not yet British, certainly not yet American. We were destined later to separate and to become first cousins, as it were, once removed.

That, it seems to me, is a way of saying just what the special Anglo-American relationship amounts to -- first cousins once removed. We are fairly closely related but, on the other hand, not so closely that we cannot afford a certain detachment and objectivity from each of our points of view; true, this sometimes causes misunderstandings.

In Washington, the story is told of an incident during the last war. A British Liaison Officer had come over, soon after Pearl Harbor,

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to relay useful and important knowledge to an element of our Army. His American counterpart turned out to be something of a problem; he was pleasant and appeared to be cooperative, but, on the other hand, he always seemed to have a chip on his shoulder. The British Officer thought he had better do something about that, and took the American out for a drink. He said to him, "Look here, old chap, we're really not getting on, you know, and the sooner we clear up the problem, the better for both of us later on. You'd better tell me now just what it is you don't like about me."

"It's not you, personally," the American said, "It's the British: I can't forget that they burned Washington!"

"Oh, dear me," said the English Officer, "I thought he'd died a natural death."

That reference to the burning of our national capital, during the war of 1812, is worth recalling, because this year historians in the United States are noting the anniversary of that war's conclusion.

1964 is the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. This Treaty does not, in your history books, relate to 'The Good News that was brought from Ghent to Aix'! But it is a Treaty to be remembered: since then, neither of us has had to sign such a document with the other. We have had 150 years of enduring peace between us. I do not think this can be said of any other two countries whose relationship has been so close for so long a period.

/The Treaty

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The Treaty of Ghent is certainly worthier of recall than the Battle of New Orleans which was unfortunately fought, ~~you will recall,~~ in those days of slow communication across the Atlantic, after the Treaty had in fact been signed. You will not be surprised, though, to learn that New Oeleans is going to celebrate that particular anniversary this year. I think they have invited over Lord Longford, the descendant of General Sir Edward Pakenham, whose British force was defeated by Andrew Jackson's men, and who died on the battlefield. No doubt Lord Longford will shake hands with a descendant of Andrew Jackson, just to show that there are no hard feelings!

A hundred and fifty years of peace since the Treaty of Ghent is a long time, but let us not forget the more than ~~207~~ 168 years we worked together in America before we parted there. There were that many years between the founding of the first permanent English Colony at Jamestown, in Virginia, and the outbreak of our war for independence. I had supposed that everyone knew how inseparable we British and Americans were in those days ~~and~~ so I was somewhat surprised to hear that a survey here in Britain, five years ago, disclosed that ten per cent of the population didn't know who the present United States belonged to before 1775!

Perhaps they thought it belonged to the Indians. Some of our cold war antagonists no doubt wish it still did.

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During the course of the afternoon, I went over to 50 Broadwick Street to visit the silver makers, Wakely and Wheeler. They were recommended to me by my friend, Mr. Ensko, of New York. It was fascinating to realize that just off Regent Street there still existed a large factory adjoining the office premises, in which not only reproductions but many modern designs are executed. There must have been several dozen workmen and apprentices occupied with their tasks.

March 5, 1964 - Thursday

It is still cold, with the temperature about 40°. E arrived home last night. Gene Black left this morning for Paris, but is returning tomorrow.

The High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Evan R. Campbell, came to see me this morning. This is his first post in the Foreign Service. He has been a farmer for many years in Southern Rhodesia, but was born in South Africa. He served in the Army, and has been prominent in tobacco matters in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He was awarded the CBE for his services to agriculture. He is said to be strongly Anti-American, but I detected no trace of this in our conversation. He is a bluff, hearty man, with a background of several generations of family in Southern Rhodesia. Speaking of the possibility of the settlers being bought out by some compensation scheme, and repatriated to England, he observed: "I would have no reason to go to England; I am as much an African as any black man in my country; Southern Rhodesia is my love, and my family's home." He favors an orderly transition to rule by the black majority.

We had a lunch at the house for

The Italian Ambassador and Mme Quaroni
The Marquis and Marquise de Amodio
Comtesse de Lesseps
Mr. Paul Getty
Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck
Mrs. Severne
Mr. Menzies
Mrs. Lewis Jones
Mr. Wells

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John Hayden Moore, newly assigned to the Consular Section, came to see me. Then I had a talk with Allen Moreland, Director of the Visa Office in the Department. He ~~has been~~ was Consul General at Stuttgart when I was in Germany, and I have a high opinion of him.

The most knotty problem before us today was what to do about the decision just taken by HMG to allow diplomatic missions to purchase "in reasonable quantities" British produced liquor for "representational purposes." The Minister, Findley Burns, and Miss Westbrook discussed this with me. Since the price of Scotch without tax would be about $1.50 a bottle vs. $4.50 on the open market, it is obvious that the procedure now permitted could lead to grave abuses. The consumption last year of liquor procured from supplies by the Embassy for its members ran to about 3800 bottles.

Since the whole affair is left to the discretion of the Ambassador, it was suggested that I and the Minister should take for ourselves a considerable portion of whatever we decided to buy. I think that a wrong principle, and would like to have the quota divided amongst all those on the Sheriff's list, about 300 in number, and to put it on an experimental basis from April 1 to December 31, 1964. We will have to give further consideration to this delicate adjustment.

I briefed the American press this evening. There were present:

William Sheehan, ABC
Thomas Ochiltree, AP
David Culhane, Baltimore Sun
Gwen Morgan, Chicago Tribune
John Beaufort, Christian-Science Monitor
Alexander Kendrick, CBS
John Shinn, McGraw-Hill News Service
Graham Hovey, Minneapolis Star & Tribune
Gene Sherman, Los Angeles Times
Joe Harsch, NBC
Joseph Fromm, US News-World Report
William Rukeyser, Wall Street Journal
Robert Estabrook, Flora Lewis - Washington Post
Wod Macleish, Westinghouse Broadcasting
Sheward Hagerty, Newsweek
Sydney Gruson, New York Times
Norman Moss, Radio Press,
Fernand Auberjonois, Toledo Blade
Paul Allerup, UPI

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After a fast gallop through Cyprus, Indonesia, and General de Gaulle, the emphasis of my questioners centered upon the situation in South Vietnam, about which none of us are well ɔrmed. These are lively sessions, and I find the give and take unusually stimulating.

In connection with my talk with Moreland, I was furnished with figures showing the tremendous rise in our visa work. Non-Immigrant visa cases processed by London increased from 3930 in February 1963 to 6317 in February 1964. Immigrant visa cases processed by London and the constituent posts increased from 22,990 in the calendar year 1962 to 28,125 in 1963. Non-Immigrant cases proce ssed by London and the constituent posts increased from 88,420 in 1962 to 102,600 in 1965.

At present the Embassy's Consular Section mailes to beneficiaries in the United Kingdom approximately 108,000 checks and 7,000 questionnaires per annum--as a service to the Treasury Department, the Social Security Administration the Railway Retirement Board, and other agencies. Except for postage, there is no reimbursement. We want to cut down the expense of handling these operations.

I dressed at the office and went around to pick up E at the O'Shaughnessys. Then we went to dine at the Portuguese Embassy on Belgrave Square. It is a beautiful house, with fine State-owned tapestries. We have known the Portuguese couple for many years, and are much attached to them. They have a springer spaniel, Paulinas, given by us them in Germany; he is a full brother of Mosie and Milou. I sat between Ava Waverley and Irene Astor.

March 6, 1964 - Friday

Snowing this morning. Temperature slightly above freezing.

The Brazilian Ambassador, Carlos Alves de Souza Filho, called on me. He

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had previously been Ambassador in Havana, Rome and Paris. His English, though fluent, has a jargon quality, and is a bit difficult to understand. He was in Rome (which he pronounces "Hom") for seven years, and in Paris the same length of time.

I lunched with Gene Black at Bucks, and had as always with him an engaging conversation. We went afterwards to a sculpture exhibition.

Later, at the office, I saw the Ambassador of Nepal, who took up his favorite subject, the extension of American military assistance to his country. We intend to do something in that regard, but the final details have not yet been arranged. The Ambassador is a nice fellow; he is somewhat under a misapprehension as to my having been responsible for the US Government's decision to help Nepal. I believe I had some slight influence in the matter, but nothing like that with which he credits me.

USIS is understaffed to cope with its program for consultation and acquaintanceship with foreign students in Great Britain. Of the 65,000 foreign students here, about 21,000 come from Africa, 12,000 from the Middle East, 8,000 from Latin America (including the Caribbean countries) and 6,000 from the Far East.

March 7, 1964 - Saturday

E and I said good-by to Gene Black this morning. He is staying another day at the house, to complete his three-play attendance of the current Shakespeare run.

We left at lunch time to visit the St. Oswalds at Nostell Priory. This is a train trip of some four hours. Nostell is one of the most interesting places in England, even in a county like Yorkshire which has so many notable country places. It was originally occupied by a religious order, dedicated early in the

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twelfth century in honor of St. Oswald, the martyr King of Northumbria. The Winns acquired it in 1654, and it has been in their ownership ever since. It was the first house in the north of England the architecture of which directly derived from Palladio. The plans of James Paine, then a young and unknown architect of 19, were based on Palladio's designs--never executed--for the Villa Mocenigo. Paine pegged away for eight years at this enterprise. He was succeeded by Robert Adam, who was to work at Nostell for over a decade. There never was such a team as the one employed by Adam: Antonio Zucchi painted the ceilings and murals, while his wife, Angelica Kaufmann, contributed a number of pictures; Joseph Rose supervised or made the stucco-work, and Thomas Chippendale executed most of the furniture. Nowhere else have I seen anything that approaches this furniture as displaying the varied skills of a great cabinet maker. Chippendale was born in the neighborhood, and seems to have taken a particular interest in his work at Nostell. A long-case clock, constructed in 1717 by John Harrison, the son of the estate carpenter of Nostell, was probably the first timepiece to which Harrison turned his hand. Later he became famous, and won the National Award of £20,000 offered by the Board of Longitude for his invention of a chronometer sufficiently exacting to determine longitude at sea. On my last visit to Washington I saw this prize winner, which is on loan at the Naval Observatory. All in all, Nostell is an astonishing sight.

Rowland ascribes the preservation of its original furniture, decorations and pictures to the circumstance that although his family was rich in the 18th century, in the 19th century they were too poor to adopt, what was regretfully often true of other country houses, a taste for Victorian furniture and objets d'art. The house now belongs to the National Trust, but Rowland and his charming Polish wife

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still live moderately undisturbed in it.

Peter Carrington and his wife, Lord and Lady Hailes (the first Governor General and Commander in Chief of the West Indies, and once, as Sir Patrick George Thomas Buchan-Hepburn, the Conservative Party Chief Whip), and Lady Marguerite Tangye were the other guests.

Wanda St. Oswald escaped from Poland with her sister in 1939. They went to Yugoslavia, where they said Arthur Bliss Lane and Cornelia [redacted] practically adopted them as members of the family. She was also profuse in her gratitude to Jane and Bob Joyce, stationed at our Embassy in Belgrade at that time; Jane [redacted] provided them with all their necessary clothes. She has never been back to Poland, but still has many relatives there.

March 8, 1964 - Sunday

We toured the house this morning with our host, who has an encyclopaedic knowledge of its contents and a passion for it, as our guide. Lunch was a gay affair, and we all dressed in ancient mandarin coats and in Rowland's peerage robes. We took a train from Doncaster, and were back in London in time for dinner. The temperature today was close to freezing, but sunny.

Dear old Obby St. Albans died a couple of days ago, at the age of 89. E had a letter about his peaceful end from Pamela Cavendish in Lancashire, where he had been living, commenting on his directness of manner. Once when she and her husband were staying with him at his own place, and were in course of saying good-by, he remarked "No banalities--go out and shut the door."

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March 9, 1964 - Monday

I stopped at Sotheby's this morning, to see some pictures of a decorative nature to be sold on Wednesday. Afterwards, I telephoned Geoffrey Agnew with a view to having him place a modest bid on one of them, a mediocre but colorful portrait of the First Duke of Buckingham on horseback.

I stopped at the Greek Embassy to sign their book in memory of the late King.

Harold Wilkinson had a lunch for me at the Stafford Hotel. The others were Sir Richard Powell, Lord Monckton, Angus Ogilvy, Lord Kilmuir, and Sir Louis Spears. They were all old friends, with the exception of Ogilvy, whom I like, but do not know well. The conversation was excellent, spiced with many anecdotes about Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Lloyd George. Birkenhead certainly must have been one of the most brilliant, though irascible and impertinent men ever in public life in this country.

The new Canadian High Commissioner, Lionel Chevrier, came to see me this afternoon. He was in Parliament for more than thirty years, is bi-lingual in French, comes from Quebec, is a close friend of Mike Pearson, and has held various high government posts. He is a lawyer by profession. He has pleasant manners and a fine appearance. He talked mostly about the difficulty his government was having in obtaining satisfactory answers from the UN to its questions about the Canadian military force that U Thant has requested for Cyprus.

E and I went to Archie Roosevelts' new house at 24 South Eaton Place, to see it and also for me to have a talk with Kim Roosevelt, who is here for a few days.

Kay Graham returned to us today to stay; we all went to dine with Michael and Pam Berry.

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March 11, 1964 - Wednesday

The two jewels of news this morning were that the American and British Embassies, as well as the US Information Service Library, were thoroughly sacked yesterday in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. The US flag over our Embassy was hauled down and burned. The other item was the loss of a reconnaisance plane over Eastern Germany. It was shot down by the Soviets.

I paid a long delayed return call on the Laotian Ambassador, HRH Prince Souphantharangsi, this morning. He is an amiable man, but seemed to be without expedients for dealing with the unhappy situation in his own country.

On my way back, I stopped at Buckingham Palace, to sign the Queen's book. There was a line of Diplomatic colleagues there, similarly engaged in paying their respects on the birth of her son yesterday. The members of the Corps are each subscribing about five pounds toward the purchase of a piece of silver selected by the Swedish Ambassadress for presentation to the Queen.

I lunched with E at the Guinea; afterward, we went to Frank Partridge's to see some of their beautiful furniture. Unfortunately, the price of the best pieces is sky high.

I had bid through Geoffrey Agnew this morning on a portrait of the First Duke of Buckingham, but it went for considerably more than my price.

Ethel Merman had lunch with Francis Mason and others in the Embassy. She came to see me afterwards, and I much enjoyed talking to this animated and pleasing star.

Harold Caccia sent for me to talk about Cyprus. The Turks are becoming more and more angry over the way their Cypriots are being killed and wounded by the Greek Cypriot police. Unless a UN Force is quickly constituted, the

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THE LOVING CUP

Is a splendid feature of the Hall Feasts of the City and Inns of Court. The Cup is of silver or Silvergilt, and is filled with spiced wine, immemorially termed "Sack". Immediately after the dinner and grace, the Master and Wardens drink to their visitors a "Hearty Welcome"; the cup is then passed round the table and each guest, after he has drunk, applies his napkin to the mouth of the cup before he passes it to his neighbour. The more formal practice is for "the person who pledges with the Loving Cup to stand up and bow to his neighbour, who, also standing, removes the cover with his right hand, and holds it while the other drinks; a custom said to have originated in the precaution to keep the right, or 'dagger hand" employed, that the person who drinks may be assured of no treachery, like that practised by Elfrida on the unsuspecting King Edward the Martyr, at Corfe Caste, who was slain while drinking. This was why the Loving Cup possessed a cover."

Some deduce the expression "I'll pledge you" in drinking, from the times when the Danes bore sway in this land. It is said to have been common with this ferocious people to stab a native in the act of drinking; hereupon people would not drink in company, unless someone present would be their pledge or surety, that they should receive no hurt whilst they were in their draught.

The story of the assassination of King Edward while drinking, by command of Elfrida, is sometimes quoted in illustration of a practice which existed among the Anglo-Saxons. Our forefathers were great drinkers, and it was customary with them, in drinking parties, to pass round a large cup, from which each in turn drank to some of the company. He who thus drank, stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this, the following plan was adopted. When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him, or some of the party, to be his pledge; that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenceless position, and this companion, if he consented, stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend him while drinking. This practice, in an altered form, continued long after the condition of Society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking.

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It would be difficult to find a more clubbable group for conversation than the Frank Giles, the Isaiah Berlins, Kay Graham, Michael Berrys and Steven Runciman. Stevenhad just returned from a lecture tour in Pakistan, and is off again in a couple of days for another swing eastward. Isaiah is about to go to the Johns Hopkins University to lecture. Frank Giles has recently been in Cyprus, and is quite rightly gloomy over what may happen there.

I had two conversations with Harold Caccia just before dinner, about the UN attempt to raise a peacekeeping force. In this respect things look a bit more promising, but there is no assurance that even such a force will be able to arrest the slaughter of Turkish by Greek Cypriots. The restraint thus far exercised by the Turkish Government may bring about its fall, unless their compatriots on the island are better protected. The British public is waxing more and more wrathful over the indignities to which British troops are being subjected, as well as over the anti-British attacks and propaganda in Greece itself. Both Governments announced tonight their subscriptions of two million dollars for the US and one million dollars for the UK to sustain a UN Army in Cyprus.

We had rather good wines for dinner, a 1960 Moselle, a magnum of 1955 Chateau Lynch Bages, a magnum of Veuves Cliquot 1953, and various other things.

March 12, 1964 - Thursday

A telegram arrived this morning from Chester Bowles, written yesterday, saying:

> "On Monday Talbot and I paid brief courtesy visit on Nehru and were shocked by his mental and psychological deterioration. Although he looked well physically it was quite impossible to communicate with him. Our combined effort to draw some response on several subjects that would normally have interested him was unavailing. His mind was simply not in gear.
>
> Based on this ten minute visit it is difficult for me to believe that he can last long as effective political force in India."

I went this morning to pay a return call on the Ambassador of Kuwait, Sayyid Khalid Mohammed Jaffar. I was glad to hear from him that after years of negotiation the Iraq Government has now made a 99-year contract covering the supply of fresh drinking water in large quantities to Kuwait. In that arid country this is almost as valuable as their great resources of petroleum.

I lunched at the Turf Club with Eric Bessborough. He made an important speech yesterday in the House of Lords, and seems intensely interested in his work as a Minister.

I conferred with Lewis Jones and Messrs. Burns and Newman this afternoon on one of the most bothersome of Embassy problems, namely, the value to State Department operations of representatives of other Federal Agencies. A team is shortly coming from Washington to study the activities of military personnel attached to this establishment; it is expected the same thing will be done for CIA.

Kay Graham left us this morning, to return home.

I have had to cancel, unwillingly, my engagement to speak next week at Lincoln before its Junior Chamber of Commerce. Averell Harriman is arriving that morning to spend a day and night before proceeding to Nigeria and other African countries. Almost simultaneously Soapy Williams, his wife and daughters, are visiting London; in the course of their stay he wishes to see certain key British government officials. Wayne Fredericks, Williams' Deputy, will also be here on his way back from Africa, expecting to carry on similar talks. As if this were not enough of our African bureaucrats, another interested in research and intelligence work has just requested appointments. This kind of thing constitutes one of the greatest problems for a modern Embassy; these

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perambulating officials necessarily take up a good deal of time of our own personnel, as well as of British officials. I suppose it is unavoidable, and sometimes their visits are useful.

We had a cocktail party tonight for

Ethel Merman
Mr. Pitman (her business manager)
Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt
Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt
Mr. and Mrs. William Channing
Lord and Lady Bessborough
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Danziger
Miss von Oberndorff
Mr. Hamish Hamilton
Monsieur Henri Samuel
Mr. and Mrs. Forte
Mr. Wells

I found Mr. and Mrs. Forte an engaging couple. He has made a success and a fortune out of restaurants and catering. E, at the request of Geoffrey Crowther opened his new hotel this morning at the London Airport. The Fortes are Italian by origin, and have much of the gaiety of that race. Henri Samuel was surprised to see how much fake panelling there was in Winfield House. He said he was glad he had not been in charge of Alavoine, or connected with the firm, when so much of this material was supplied. I told him of the US Government's refusal to allow me to paint the wood in the large French room and the small dining room. He thought if this could be done, it would effect a tremendous improvement.

March 13, 1964 - Friday

At the office this morning I found the gloomy conversations between Harold Caccia and myself last night confirmed by telegrams from Ankara, the Department, and elsewhere this morning. The Turkish Government has in effect delivered an ultimatum to the Greek Cypriots, threatening intervention. George Ball has

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Out of the 116 scholars being prepared for universities, ranging in age from 13 upwards, are 13 or 14 Americans. Professor Blackburn asked each student in his class to answer the question "Who do you think in all the world's history is the worst man who ever lived?" An American boy from Atlanta, Ga., answered "Abraham Lincoln."

I lunched with Nat Knowles at the American Club. There are always 50 to 100 business and professional men at luncheon there each week day, and it is a center of lively conversation.

I paid a return call this morning on the Ambassador of Upper Volta, Gerard Kango Ouedraogo, at 60 Portland Place. His residence is quite magnificent. He is an attractive man, speaking perfect French. His country has more horses than any other in Africa. They are mostly of Arab blood, and many of them are exported to other African nations.

I was engaged for a considerable time this afternoon in considering with Lewis Jones and Findley Burns the wish expressed by the Department to give our new Economic Counsellor the personal rank of Minister. I sent Bill Crockett a telegram on this subject:

E and I dined tonight with George Weidenfeld. He has a large and attractive flat at 73 Eaton Square, admirably furnished and adorned for entertaining. He is reputed to gather together particularly amusing guests. Last evening his place was filled with celebrities, especially from literary and academic quarters. Harold Wilson and his wife, Roy Jenkins were amongst the politicians. Mrs. Jack Javits, who has just arrived to select British plays for possible production on Broadway, Noel Anan and his wife from Cambridge, Isaiah Berlin, and twenty or thirty other vivacious males and females ate, drank, and talked until midnight.

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TELEGRAM

Foreign Service of the United States of America

OUTGOING AmEmbassy LONDON

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ACTION: Secstate Washington _____ PRIORITY

EYES ONLY for Deputy Under Secretary Crockett from Bruce.

Almost all American diplomatic titles have been so progressively debased by proliferation and escalation as to have lost most of their presumed value.

The proposal to give the Economic or any other Counsellor in this Embassy the personal rank of Minister seems to me to represent a continuation of illogical organizational practices which I thought the Department was anxious to eradicate.

I had hoped that after Tom Beale's departure there would in the future be only one Minister here, namely the DCM.

To perform effective service in the UK, neither the Economic nor any other Counsellor needs the added personal rank of Minister--having more than one Minister in London only causes confusion.

If, however, the Department is determined to continue its deplorable habits of nomenclature, I shall make no further objection.

BRUCE

AMB:DBruce/eo - March 17, 1964

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SECRET [redacted]

March 18, 1964 - Wednesday

Jane McBaine arrived this morning from San Francisco to stay with us.

The new Swiss Ambassador, Beat de Fischer-Reichenbach, called on me this morning. He was born in 1901, and comes from a distinguished Swiss family. Educated in Munich and Paris, he received his doctorate in jurisprudence at Bern. He entered the Political Department of the Federation in 1929 and served at the Hague, Buenos Aires, Warsaw, Riga, Helsinki and Bucharest. He was Minister at Cairo and Lisbon, and had been Ambassador in Vienna since 1959, where both he and his wife had wide acquaintance with the artistic and cultural world. He is highly regarded as a diplomat. He speaks English fluently, but prefers to use French.

Miss Lewis Cording came in to complain about the bad treatment she thought she had received from our agricultural experts in connection with some of her paintings she [redacted] lent for one of their shows at the Trade Center.

We had a lunch at home today for

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irving
Mrs. McBaine
Mrs. Surtees
Francis Mason
Al Wells

Lawrence Irving is a grandson of the famous Sir Henry. He is a mine of information on the theater, and has been intimately associated with it all his life. He said [redacted] he considered John Barrymore the greatest actor in the role of Hamlet since the first World War. He was a friend of all the Barrymores, and observed that John, when not deep in his cups, was one of the most considerate and brilliant men he ever knew. He was also much attached to the elder Fairbanks and to Mary Pickford, with whom he had stayed months on end.

[redacted]

SECRET [redacted]

Crosby Noyes of the Washington Star, and Don Cook of the New York Herald Tribune, came to see me this afternoon.

We had a reception at the residence tonight for

Dr. and Mrs. Papper (Mary Lasker)
Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis Ingersoll (Pres., Philadelphia Museum)
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas
Lady Jamieson
Mr. and Mrs. Ulmer (Rep. of Niarchos)
Count and Countess Kinsky
Miss Harriet Cavendish
Mr. Robert Corbett
Mr. and Mrs. Keswick (Chairman, Hudson Bay Co.)
Miss Tessa Keswick
Mr. David McEwen
Mr. Peter Lubbock
Sir John Marriott
Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Trams (daughter)
Miss Robin Jones
Mr. Bernard de Ganay
Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Cummings (Chicago Collector)
Miss Antonia Steadman
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young (Former Ambassador, Holland)
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marcus (Nieman-Marcus, Dallas)
Mrs. Hunt Bruce
Mr. Clement Wood (Writer)
Mr. Harry McKean
Mr. and Mrs. Parrish (friends of Mrs. Hunt Bruce)
Mr. Crosby Noyes (Washington Evening Star)
Mr. Don Cook (NY Herald Tribune)
Mr. Murdoch Matthew (Editor of TAD)

We have been approached again by Pauling& Co. Ltd., the contractors for the Chancery, in regard to a settlement of their suit. There has been much disagreeable publicity about this matter in the past, and I am writing to Bill Crockett to express the hope it can be settled out of court by the Attorney General.

March 19, 1964 - Thursday

David arrived this morning by plane. He looked splendidly, and is almost as tall as myself.

[redacted]

Jessie Bruce and Clem Wood came to the office this morning to see me. He bought yesterday a fine Cooper horse painting from Ackerman. Their matrimonial tribulations are not yet ended. He is still in process of getting a divorce, and they now hope to be married in June. They have eight children between them.

I paid a return call on the Jamaican High Commissioner, Mr. Lindo, at 6 Bruton Street. He is a superior man, entertaining in conversation.

I lunched at the Cafe Royal, as a guest of the British Travel and Holiday Association. I had not been to this restaurant since the war years. It is still one of the best in London, owned by Charles Forte, that sympathetic character. I first went there in the early 30's with Augustus John. It was his favorite hang-out. There were small marble top tables on the ground floor, frequented most of the day and night by artists and theatrical folk. The decor of this hundred-year old establishment should be indefinitely preserved. Forte told me that soon after he bought the place he was offered a £200,000 profit, but this would have entailed the destruction of the cafe, which he intends to keep in its present form.

I sat between the Chairman, Lord Geddes, whose father was British Ambassador in Washington during the Harding administration, and Forte's manager for food and wine, [redacted]. We discoursed at length about food and drink. After lunch, I was called on to discuss travel.

Since our officials have become conscious of the drain on our balance of payments caused by American tourists spending money abroad, they have attempted to stimulate travel from foreign countries to the United States.

Last year, US visitors in the UK spent $154,000,000, whereas UK visitors to the US expended $47,250,000. The total US travel deficit in 1963 was

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$1,600,000,000. Last year, for the first time, American tourists to the UK passed the half million mark, numbering 509,000. In return, 126,000 UK citizens visited America (a 32% increase in two years). I went on at some length about the nomadic habits of our people and how I wished other nationalities had the same urges. I fear I become more garrulous each day, but this was an especially pleasing company.

I stopped on the way back to the office to buy a malacca sword stick at Wilkinsons'--I have no need for another such article, but it was tempting because so beautifully made.

Last night, I read None but the Rich, by Charles Graves. It is the best book on professional gambling ever to come to my attention, and gives enthralling accounts of the operations of the Greek Syndicates.

My attention was called to the latest exhibition of suffrage in underdeveloped countries. An election has just taken place in New Guinea. Tribesmen in the eastern highlands took an immediate fancy to the steel rods used as uprights in the portable polling booths--they make good garden implements and pig spears. Next came an urgent call for extra ballot papers at Keremy, in the Gulf of Papua, where local tribes used them to roll cigarettes. Then there was the incident in New Britain, where mountain chief Lima Larebo promised constituents injections to whiten their skins. One politician pledged that if he were elected, coins planted in the ground would grow money. On New Hanover Island, 160 miles from Rabaul, came the report that locals had declined to exercise their franchise because they could not vote for President Johnson. And so it went.

The Irish Ambassador, Cornelius C. Cremin, came to say good-by. He is leaving in a few days to replace Boland as Irish Ambassador to the UN. He has

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SECRET [redacted]

Tonight, E, [redacted]sha and I went to The Seagull, by Chekhov. It is an unusual and interesting play, not lacking in morbidity.

I talked to Washington about midnight, regarding a possible call from Rusk to Butler tomorrow.

March 23, 1964 - Sunday

The British Isles went on summertime this morning, so there is now a six-hour gap between Washington and London.

Butler is confined to his house in the country with considerable fever. He will be unable to come up today for a trans-Atlantic call. Arranging for one tomorrow was as involved as would have been a matter of real substance. Were it not for the hot line between the two countries, we never would have come to a conclusion. Rusk was on a CBS program all morning, so the only way I could reach him was through the Operations Room at State. In turn, I communicated with the Foreign Secretary through Caccia, and the resident clerk in the Foreign Office. Tomorrow Rusk appears before a committee of Congress at 10:00 a.m.--about the same hour when Butler has to answer questions in the House. By 11:00 p.m. we succeeded in arranging for them to communicate somehow with each other tomorrow morning. I was mentally exhausted as if I had finished a difficult task in higher mathematics.

I went over all the cables on Cambodia with Oscar Armstrong, only to find the outlook depressing, especially since the Soviet Government has projected itself onto the screen by calling for submission of the matter to the Security Council early this week. Sihanouk has issued an ultimatum, demanding a favorable answer tomorrow; in this there is probably an element of bluff.

[redacted]

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Stevie returned from Durham to stay with us another couple of days. She saw many of her relatives, but said she would be glad to go back to France and escape the North Country climate.

Nicky is disconsolate over his losses in the Grand National. He has been restricted to betting on one race a year; accordingly, Saturday he wagered his all of £1.10.0 on four horses, none of which placed. I did even more badly. Lucky Jimmy, the house man, picked the winner, which added to his success in the Lincolnshire, has made him the envy of the household. The race, splendidly shown on television, was won by Team Spirit, owned by three Americans. The other two American owners, Warrington Gillet and Raymond Guest, had entries that fell. One jockey broke his back, but will not die.

March 24, 1964 - Tuesday

The Hungarian Ambassador, Jeno Incze, came to see me this morning. He was born in 1901 in Transylvania, which then was part of Hungary. He entered the University of Technological Sciences in 1920 and later received his diploma in mechanical engineering. He was for a time an assistant professor in mechanical engineering, and then became the chief engineer for the Ganz firm (a leading engineering and metal-producing firm in Hungary. From 1945 to 1948, he was the deputy director of this firm, and had occasion to visit British firms in Birmingham and Manchester. With the nationalization of foreign trade, his position from 1948 to 1953 was that of deputy director of one of the units. In 1954, he was appointed departmental head in the Ministry of Foreign Trade; in 1955 Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, and finally in 1957, Minister of Foreign Trade. He is married and not accompanied by his wife or either of their two daughters. He speaks good English, and some Russian and French. I liked him. He spent

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several years in England in his early days, and talked about trade and commerce without obtruding Communist doctrine into the discussion.

Mrs. William Lipton, introduced by Stuart Symington, came to see me. She is with Benton and Bowles, Ltd., of London, and the wife of a friend of Stuart, whom he considers exceptionally able in the field of modern broadcasting, radio and TV. Her husband will join her in the summer.

We had a lunch at home for

Hon. and Mrs. Mennen Williams
Miss Wendy Williams
Miss Nancy Williams
Sir Geoffrey and Lady Harrison (Foreign Office)
Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Gillet
Mr. Ricardo Sicre
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wagner
Mr. William Clark
Sasha Bruce
David Bruce

That interesting character Ricardo Sicre drove to the house with me. He is amazingly resourceful, and aside from his various businesses is a man of unusual cultural discrimination.

Peter Solbert, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, called on me. He is here with a large delegation to negotiate for the next two days with the British on arms aid to India.

I dressed at the office and went on with E to the farewell reception of the Japanese Ambassador and Madame Ohno, who are shortly leaving their post here.

We took Sasha and David with us to the Astoria Cinema, as guests of Samuel Bronston, for the Royal Premiere of "The Fall of the Roman Empire". Ricardo generously took Nicky with him. Afterwards, [redacted] we supped at Claridges with Mr. Bronston.

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The party at Claridges was large and lengthy. In fact, when we left after two o'clock it was still going full steam. Nicky, seated beside Ricardo, was, toward the end of the evening, barely able to keep awake. Not so his brother David, who after downing a couple of lobsters and everything else in sight, was merrily entertaining two moving picture magnates about life in an American private school.

At the theater the guest of honor was Prince Philip, who arrived to the accompaniment of a fanfare from the court trumpeters. The play was the usual mixture of historical accuracy and inaccuracy. Most of the sets were shot in Spain; the costumes were gorgeous. Alec Guinness as Marcus Aurelius was excellent. Many liberties were taken with the characters of Commodus, his sister Lucilla--scarcely the demure young woman represented--and Livius. The chariot race, although unbelievable, was as thrilling a development in fakery as could be accomplished.

The Spanish and Italian Ambassadors, as well as other members of the Diplomatic Corps, were there. Pietro Quaroni, well versed in ancient history, exposed some of the distortions in the script. According to him, Lucilla was like her mother Faustina, a notoriously naughty piece, and the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius a homosexual.

March 25, 1964 - Wednesday

It was a weary family congregation of five that set out this morning to take the Aer Lingus plane to Dublin. Matt McCloskey had generously sent his car to meet us, so we were whipped off to the Shelbourne Hotel, where we lunched. We then made a round of the National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, and other public attractions. The National Museum, a hideous building, contains, in addition to many interesting objects dating back 2,000 years, a fine small collection

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of Napoleana. The National Gallery has, in addition to its portraits, some splendid paintings. The Chester Beatty gift of his Barbizon paintings must be the best of its kind anywhere.

Tonight we went to see that perennial favorite "Juno and the Paycock", written by Sean O'Casey, first played in the Abbey Theater about 1922. The theater looked about as it had when I last saw it forty years previously, except it was a bit more smelly, and the seat covers more tattered.

There was a wildly enthusiastic audience, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The plot is one of unremitting gloom and disaster. It seems especially to appeal to the lugubrious sentiments of the Irish.

March 26, 1964 - Thursday

Sasha and myself went out this morning to meet the librarian and visit the Chester Beatty Library. The articles there on display are altogether staggering for their rarity and intrinsic interest. Great as is Beatty's reputation as an expert in oriental and other ancient manuscripts, it seemed almost incredible that even fifty years of collecting could have brought together such a variety and immensity of treasures.

We lunched at a restaurant of considerable repute called Jemmo. Afterwards, we set out on what was represented to be a 20 or 30 mile trip, but turned out to be nearer 70 or 80, in which we looked at the gardens and external face of huge Powers Court, and then of the remarkably beautiful Russborough, which belongs to Sir Alfred Beit. The Beits were away in France, so we had no opportunity to see the interior of the house where there is an assemblage of famous pictures and art objects. We went for tea, still in Matt's car, to the Embassy residence in Phoenix Park. This is one of the finest of American government houses; it is in a

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portion of a 1300-acre park, and we have a lease on it for 999 years. Earlier in the day we called upon the Ambassador at his office on Merriam Square, one of the innumerable attractive Georgian buildings in Dublin. It is to be deserted next week in favor of a concrete pile recently finished as a chancery, that resembles a bad miniature copy of the colosseum in Rome.

March 27, 1964 - Friday

Still under the care of the knowledgeable chauffeur and antiquarian Jerry, we motored out this morning to see Lord Marchmont's folly, Casino Marino built in the 18th Century in pavilion style, about seven miles from the center of the city. It is now in a state of dilapidation, but could easily be restored. Thence we progressed to Lord Dunsany's house, where we lunched. This place is in the heart of what is perhaps the best horse breeding area of Eire. Adjoining it is the stud of the late Victor Sassoon, who won the Derby four times in the last ten years. One of Dunsany's ancestors won the Derby three times with the famous horses Bay, Bay Middleton, and Mamalouk, but the present Dunsany has given up racing. He is an agreeable man, as was his famous father, the poet.

Parts of the house date from the 11th Century, and it contains many fine paintings, and especially china. It is sited between the inner and outer pale, from which the expression was derived "beyond the pale". From there, we went to the airport, and took an afternoon plane to London. The trip was a tremendous suecess.

After arriving home, we dined with Chester Bowles and his wife, who arrived this morning from India, and Frank Wisner, who came in on Wednesday -- they are all staying with us.

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March 31, 1964 - Tuesday

The Embassy reopened today, after the long Easter holiday. The new Ambassador of South Africa, Dr. Carel de Wet, called on me. He is a young, ambitious member of the Nationalist Party and former Nationalist MP. A dogmatic supporter of Nationalist Party doctrine, he is an admirer of Dr. Verwoerd and a firm supporter of the Government's race policies. He was born in the Free State on May 25, 1924. He received his BS and Master's Degrees from Pretoria University and completed medical training at the University of the Witwatersrand, where he received his MD. After graduating, he practiced medicine in the Free State until 1953, when he was elected to Parliament. He was later re-elected and, at the time of his appointment as Ambassador, was Nationalist MP for Vanderbjpark, Transvall. Under his leadership the Vanderbjlpark Branch of the Nationalist Party became one of the best organized and vigorous of the Party units in the Transvaal. He has travelled widely. In 1951, he visited several African countries and in 1955 travelled to 24 European and Middle Eastern countries to study health services and medical administration. He was chosen for a Leader Grant to the US in 1962 as a "calculated risk." On returning to South Africa, he made a virulent anti-American speech in which he characterized the US as "the biggest colonial power today" and said that the political situation in the US was "not stable". The speech, made in August 1962, was de Wet's last, loud outburst: in it, he attacked Britain's West Indian Immigration policy as the beginnings of a "police state". He praised the "stable" political situation in South Africa, and pointed out that the Sharpeville riot, "in comparison with what is going on in the world" was of "no importance" whatsoever.

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DeWet is married and has four children. He speaks Afrikaans, English, German, Zulu and Xosa. According to an Embassy report, he speaks Zulu "perfectly".

In Parliament Dr. de Wet, together with Dr. Luttig, was a senior member on the Nationalist Party foreign affairs committee. As such he frequently supported former Minister Eric Louw in parliamentary debates. In general parliamentary activity he was one of the most active Nationalist back-benchers.

DeWet's appointment as Ambassador to the United Kingdom was viewed with surprise and dismay by all but the hard core of Nationalists. English-language South African newspapers were quick to point out that, in view of his outspoken dislike for Britain, de Wet was an eminently poor choice for the Court of St. James. UK representatives in South Africa do not view the appointment in such a negative light. They argue that it is good that the UK Government gets an accurate representative of authoritative Nationalist Party policies. They add that Dr. de Wet's conduct since the appointment has been unexceptionable.

Dr. Verwoerd probably awarded him the position for the faithful, energetic and ambitious support which de Wet has given the Nationalist Party and, as one of his staunchest supporters, to Dr. Verwoerd himself. De Wet has privately admitted that he aspires to a Cabinet post--preferably Foreign Affairs. His ambassadorial appointment may be a first step on a ladder eventually leading to that post.

Intermittently throughout the day I was occupied with questions concerning Zanzibar.

Both Ambassadors Bohlen and Finletter are here from Paris. I gave Chip [redacted] lunch at Bucks. He was in excellent health and spirits, and is to make a speech this afternoon to the Imperial Defense College.

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I attended a meeting of the Kennedy Memorial Committee this afternoon at the Foreign Office. This committee of three, Sir Roger Makins, Sir Humphrey Mynors (formerly of the Bank of England) and myself, has been constituted to put into operation the recommendations of the Franks report. We will have to set up a Trust, determine the number, nationality and mode of appointment of Trustees, consider its staff organization, and how scholars should be selected by it.

Already the proposal to give an acre of land at Runnymede to the United States Government in perpetuity has engendered complicated legal questions with the National Trust, which is the owner of that area. The Lord Mayor has been asked to undertake to make an appeal for subscriptions which it is hoped will amount to a million pounds.

The Queen has displayed a marked interest in the whole proposal, which has received the approval of Parliament.

I can see a busy time ahead in settling a variety of questions, such as that of American representation on the Board of Trustees. In Roger Makins, we have an excellent and energetic chairman.

We held a retirement ceremony for John Correll this afternoon, who is retiring at the age of 60. He has done admirable work here, as he had at previous posts; his departure will entail, for the time being, a diminution in the excellent relationships he had formed with British Trade Unions.

At six o'clock I went to see Duncan Sandys, to carry out my instructions again to emphasize to him the oft told tale of how concerned we are over the steady Communist advances in Zanzibar. I shall write messages tonight, reporting on my conversation with him. During the day, I had sent off telegrams to the Department on the same question. They ran as follows: